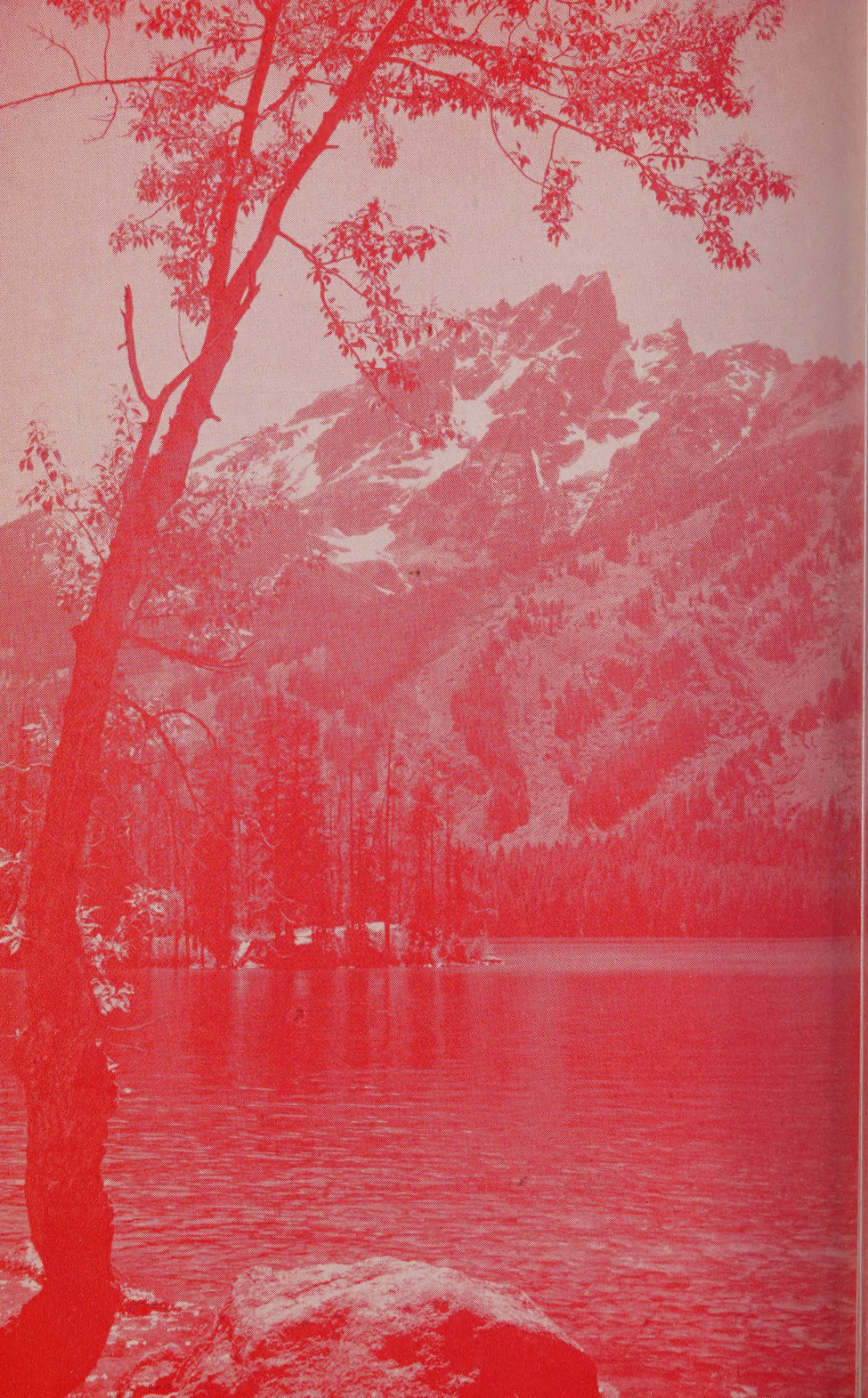
The
LIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

OL. 42 NO. 6 Lesson Previews JUNE 1955



Eyes of Spring

Dorothy J. Roberts

Eyes of spring are my father's eyes,
The bright, clean blue of country skies.
Within their depths no shadow lies,
No dark or dappled terror shies,
But sight beyond my puzzled cries,
Of treasures, hid, and faith's far prize.
From murky limbos of surmise
I reach a highway through his eyes.

His clarity of glance defies
The cynic's taunt and scorns reprise.
Fond of hills, the farthest rise
Tints his sight with fathom-dyes.
He glimpses past the clouded *whys*
With vision clear and distance-wise.
When winter looms and autumn dies,
Let me look through my father's eyes.

The Cover: "Aristocrat Roses," Photograph by Ward Linton
Frontispiece Photograph: "The Grand Teton and Jenny Lake, Wyoming" Photograph by Don Knight
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I read Lael W. Hill's remarks in the "From Near and Far" department in the April *Magazine*, then reread her mother's lovely poem in the February issue ("Poet's Mother"). Lael has always been an inspiration to me ever since we wrote for the *Tribune Junior* as children. I have often wondered if we weren't married on the same day, as our marriage licenses were published in the paper on the same day. I hope some day she will publish a book of her wonderful poetry. I would be one of the first to buy a copy.

—Nell B. Brenchley
Preston, Idaho

We in the Cedar Second Ward read our *Relief Society Magazine* and realize what a wonderful privilege it is for us to study these lessons, to enjoy each interesting story and poem. In the special short story issue for April (1955), the bird photographs are most unusual, also the floral pictures. The table decoration is really eye-catching. The moment the *Magazine* arrives I sit right down with it, regardless of what I might be doing. Recently a number of young married girls who are not attending Relief Society meetings regularly are reading the *Magazine* with great interest, and vote it their choice.

—Genevieve MacFarlane
Cedar City, Utah

I have always enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine*. In fact, it was the *Magazine* which my mother and grandmother read before anything else.

"I love this little Magazine,"
Said my mother long ago.
"There is so much here to be seen,
So many things to know."

Today I spent a quiet hour
With a copy of my own
And marveled at its healing power
When I could be alone.

—Gertrude T. Kovan
Provo, Utah

My aunt, Mrs. E. Jones of Spanish Fork, Utah, subscribes to *The Relief Society Magazine* for me, and I do want to let you know how much I enjoy every issue. I belong to the Presbyterian Church, and am a member of the Missionary Society. When I take my turn conducting the deliberations, I am delighted to say I have used some verses from your splendid *Magazine*. We are all following in His steps.

—Miss Catherine Harvey
Montreal, Canada

I received the *Magazine* as a gift from my mother and have appreciated it so much these past two years while I have lived in Turkey. There are no other members of the Church around here, and I have found the stories and messages from the Relief Society general board and the Church Authorities so uplifting. My husband reads and enjoys the *Magazine*, too.

—Mrs. Betsy Long
Golcuk, Turkey

It is a great inspiration to read the messages of wise counsel from our great leaders whom I have learned to love, even though I have never met them personally. I am reading with some interest every article about the new Relief Society Building, and I hope some day to visit Salt Lake City.

—Mabel A. O. Lindblad
Willmar, Minnesota

We wish to extend our sincere thinks for *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is wonderful to see and examine the contents thereof. In Haarlem we have a lovely Relief Society organization. There are few members that can read fluent English, but we all enjoy the illustrations indeed.

-Sister S. M. Van Gelder Vester
Haarlem, Holland

Our good *Magazine* is one of the closest touches of home and good old Utah. I really enjoy it.

—Helen McGee
Roseville, Michigan

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - - First Counselor
Velma N. Simonsen - - - - - - Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Mary G. Judd, Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Leone O. Jacobs, Louise W. Madsen, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Mildred B. Eyring, Helen W. Anderson, Gladys S. Boyer, Charlotte A. Larsen, Edith P. Backman, Winnifred S. Manwaring, Elna P. Haymond, Annie M. Ellsworth, Mary R. Young

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 42 JUNE 1955 No. 6

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

My Daughter Prepares for Marriage ..... Harold B. Lee 348
Two New Members Appointed to the Relief Society General Board
Annie Merrill Ellsworth ..... Zina H. Poole 352
Mary Ross Young ..... Elna P. Haymond 353
Poetry—A Rich Heritage ..... Christie Lund Coles 355
Blossoms in Lava ..... Willard Luce 358
"How Can It Please the Human Pride?" ..... Caroline E. Miner 371
Selling the Relief Society Magazine ..... Edith G. Baum 374
The Morning-Glory Horn ..... Nell Murbarger 376
A Good Day ..... Margaret Hardy 392

FICTION

A Good Life ..... Vera Mayhew 360
First in My Heart ..... Maryhale Woolsey 380
Green Willows — Chapter 5 ..... Deone R. Sutherland 393

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 346
Sixty Years Ago 366
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 367
Editorial: The 125th Annual Church Conference ..... Marianne C. Sharp 368
"From Sea to Shining Sea" ..... Vesta P. Crawford 370
Notes to the Field: Summer Work Meetings 372
Brigham Young University Leadership Week 372
Hymn of the Month 372
New Serial "Hermanas" to Begin in July 373
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Margaret C. Pickering 398

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Elizabeth Lee Butler Finds Hobbies Indoors and Outdoors 379
Let Ironing Day Be a Pleasant Day for You ..... Rhea H. Gardner 388
Washing Blankets ..... Rhea H. Gardner 391
Herbs for Modern Cookery—Basil ..... Elizabeth Williamson 416

LESSON DEPARTMENT—TEACHING AIDS AND PREVIEWS FOR 1955-56

Teaching and Teaching Aids for the 1955-56 Lessons ..... Mildred B. Eyring 403
Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon ..... Leland H. Monson 405
Visiting Teacher Messages—Book of Mormon Gems of Truth ..... Edith S. Elliott 407
Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service ..... Rhea H. Gardner 408
Literature—Literature of England ..... Briant S. Jacobs 410
Social Science—The Constitution of the United States ..... Albert R. Bowen 412

POETRY

Eyes of Spring—Frontispiece ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 345
It Is a Tragic Thing, by Mabel Law Atkinson, 351; The Covered Bridge, by Elsie McKinnon Strachan, 354; While Summer Sings, by Lael W. Hill, 365; Symphony for America, by Leslie Savage Clark, 375; Hills, by Francelia Goddard, 378; The Meadow, by Thelma Ireland, 378; Blue River, by Ethel Jacobson, 378; Monday Song, by Faye Gardner, 379; Weeds, by Ida Isaacson, 387; Return, by Catherine E. Berry, 387; Enchanted Moment, by Elizabeth Pew, 390; Familiar Note, by Eva Willes Wangsgaard, 392; It Doesn't Matter, by Josephine H. Beck, 414; Reward, by Ruth M. Jones, 414; Nature Song, by Jeanne Wilson, 414; Courageous Weaver, by Gene Romolo, 415; Lamp of Faith, by Erma Barney Braack, 415; Night in the Mountains, by Maude O. Cook, 415.

My Daughter Prepares for Marriage

Elder Harold B. Lee

Of the Council of the Twelve

SOME time ago there came into my hands a copy of a letter written by William James, the renowned psychologist, to his daughter, Peg, who was struggling with the inner conflicts so common to youth. He addressed her as "Darling Peg." In his letter he seeks to give her fatherly counsel to quiet her fears, and concludes with this comment:

> I have no doubt you are doing as well as you know how, darling little Peg; but we have to learn everything, and I have no doubt that you'll manage it better and better if you ever have any more of it, and soon it will fade away, simply leaving you with more experience.

If he and you and I have the confidence in "Our Darling Peg" that she is doing "as well as she knows how," have we made sure that in the development of that little soul entrusted to our care, that we never left her without the benefit of our maturity of years to teach her the "how" of all we know? Did we, in her growing-up years, lay the foundation and framework for a strong, successful, and happy life, or did we leave it all to the hit and miss of trial and error, and hoped somehow that Providence would protect our darling while she gained experience?

Perhaps a true-to-life incident will impress the thought I am trying to introduce. A newspaper clipping of a few years ago carried the story of a young pilot in a solo flight high above the airport in a training routine who suddenly shouted over the radio communicating system to the officer in the control tower: "I can't see! I have gone blind." Should panic have prevailed in the control tower as well, disaster to the young pilot and to the valuable plane would have been certain; but, fortunately, he was a seasoned officer who, from experience, knew that under certain circumstances temporary blindness could come to a young novice under great tension. Calmly the officer talked to the youth up there, directing him in the process of circling to lose altitude slowly while at the same time ordering emergency equipment to be brought, at once, should there be a crash. After breath-taking minutes which seemed interminable to all who watched, the blinded pilot touched the wheels of his plane to the runway and rolled to a stop on the landing field. The ambulance attendants hastily rushed the boy to the base hospital for treatment.

What would have happened if the officer in the control tower had become excited or had been shirking his duty, or hadn't known how to deal with this kind of an emergency? The answer is that the same thing would have happened which could happen to "Our darling Peg,"

were she bereft of the wise counselor of experience when she is faced with a shocking crisis with which she is unaccustomed. In both instances, a life would be maimed, if not destroyed, and the opportunity for highest attainment blighted.

MANY times we have seen elderly parents come to the temple with the last of a large family to be married and say, as if in benediction to a successful parenthood, "This is our last child. All have been married in the temple." I heard a youth bear a boy's tribute to his father who from his "control tower" had guided this son to a sacred marriage in holy wedlock. The boy's simple tribute was: "Well, Dad, I made it!"

While all the problems of life are not solved by a temple marriage, yet, certainly, for all who enter worthily, it becomes a haven of safety and an anchor to that soul when the storms of life beat fiercely. Speaking about this matter, President Stephen L Richards has said this: "One of the greatest deterrents of wrongdoing has been the fear of losing a place in the eternal family circle."

Hearts must be pure to come within these walls
Where spreads a feast unknown to festive halls.
Freely partake, for freely God hath given,
And taste the holy joys that tell of heaven.
Here learn of Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
And unto men the Keys, the Kingdom gave:
Joined here by powers that past and present bind,
The living and the dead perfection find.
—Orson F. Whitney
(Inscription at the entrance to the Cardston, Alberta, Temple)

I wish all mothers could have heard the heart-cries and the questions of a dear, sweet girl who, when it seemed that her girlhood dream of a temple marriage was almost within her grasp, had broken the law of chastity and now, for three weeks had lived in the torture chamber of an accusing conscience. Her questions were: "How was I to know that I was in danger? Why didn't I have the strength to resist?" Like the blinded pilot, she had been flying blind, but, unfortunately for her, there was no control tower attendant to guide her to a safe landing in her crisis. Oh, that she could have talked out her problem with a wise mother!

Had mother been too busy with Church work or her housework or with socials or clubs to have cultivated the comradeship which would have invited from her daughter the most intimate confidences on such sacred matters? Perhaps here was a mother who was content to have her daughter instructed in academic courses on these delicate subjects which, all too often, but encourage the students to the experiment. Maybe she didn't realize that into her very living room, daily, by radio, magazines, and television were coming the distorted, and yet cleverly disguised ideas of love and life, and marriage that, all too often, are mistaken by youth as the path to happiness.

Could it have been that an all-wise Heavenly Father, foreseeing these modern threats to successful homes and marriages, thought it important to give parents, early in this dispensation, vital instructions, which, if followed, would safe-

guard against these dangers? To the mothers of the Church, the Lord taught clearly their responsibility to their children in a revelation which he said was a law unto "parents in Zion." These commandments to parents he grouped into two categories: The first, apparently, were primarily teachings to be given before a child was to be baptized—"to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands." After baptism, the Lord stressed the following as the essentials of his law that parents "shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord . . . . observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy" . . . to "remember their labors" and not to be idle or greedy. These teachings must be taught just as effectively in the home as are the opposite worldly ideas and notions with which children and youth are constantly confronted. Frequent "home" nights have been suggested as an appropriate time and place for such instruction.

Just how vital the teachings of the gospel are in protecting youth as they prepare for marriage is suggested by an analogy of an effective teacher. Said he, "Beautiful roses do not grow unless the roots of the parent bush are firmly planted in rich, fertile soil. They have to be cultivated and digged about constantly." Just so, the beautiful flowers of virtue, sobriety, honesty, and integrity do not grow in the human soul, unless the feet are firmly planted on a strong, firm testimony of the life and mission of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I know of a little mother who was never too busy to sit down with her little girl when she wanted to ask questions about the mysterious things of life. Mother's answers were gauged to each stage of her little girl's mental capacity. She caught her daughter at the crossroads of her youthful glee or disappointments, as the case might be, following a party or a date. When proposals of marriage came, mother was silently praying and, thereafter, was alone with her daughter to counsel as her "darling" might desire. On the eve of her marriage, it was to mother that the daughter turned for counsel as to what a new bride's place must be in these most sacred relationships of marriage. It was mother's triumph when, at last, she saw her daughter adjusting beautifully in a happy home.

MINE has been the rich experience, for nearly twenty years, of being entertained each week end in some of the most successful homes of the Church, and, by contrast, almost weekly I am permitted a glimpse into some of the unhappy homes. From these experiences I have reached in my own mind some definite conclusions: First, our happiest homes are those where parents have been married in the temple. Second, a temple marriage is most successful if husband and wife entered into the sacred ordinances of the temple clean and pure in body, mind, and heart. Third, a temple marriage is most sacred when each in the partnership has been wisely schooled in the purpose

of the holy endowment and the obligations thereafter of husband and wife in compliance with instructions received in the temple. Fourth, parents who themselves have lightly regarded their temple covenants, can expect little better from their children because of their bad example.

In this day, the fashions, the sham, the pretenses, and the glamour of the world have badly distorted the holy concepts of home and marriage, and, even the marriage ceremony itself. Blessed is the wise mother who paints a living picture to her daughter of a sacred scene in an exquisite, heavenly sealing room where, shut out from all that is worldly, and in the presence of parents and intimate family friends, a beautiful youthful bride and groom clasp hands across a holy altar. Thank God for that mother who shows her daughter that here, nearest to heaven on earth, heart communes with heart, in a mutuality of love that begins a oneness which defies the ravages of hardship, heartaches, or disappointments to destroy, and supplies the greatest stimulus for life's highest attainments!

It Is a Tragic Thing

Mabel Law Atkinson

Man is drunken,
Yet thirsting still for stronger potions.
The wines of milder vintage
Mellowed by love and beauty
Cannot intoxicate the mind that has tasted
The liquor of its own inverted power.

Mind is master,
Yet eyes dimmed by cataracts of greed
Can see no signposts of the Master Mind,
No torches of the avatars
That flame disaster;
Ears turned only to earthly kingdoms
Hear not the guiding carillons of angels.

Ceaselessly, triumphantly,
With merciless, sword-thin laughter,
Man builds his slaves—
Robots with the strength of Atlas,
Purring annihilation,
Forgetting that he, himself,
May be food for his own mind's gorging.

It is a tragic thing
When man lights the fuse
Of the bomb that will level his own house.
Would he but look up,
He might walk with gods and travel by star
To the kingdoms of forever.

Two New Members Appointed to the Relief Society General Board

Annie Merrill Ellsworth

Zina H. Poole

Secretary, Denver Stake Relief Society

ANNIE M. ELLSWORTH

THE appointment of Annie Merrill Ellsworth to the general board of the Relief Society, on April 13, 1955, will meet with unanimous approval from all who have had the privilege of knowing and loving her.

Sister Ellsworth was born in Richmond, Utah, to Alma Merrill and Almira Esmerilda Hendricks Merrill, the fifth of ten children. Memories of her childhood are extremely happy ones, and her home was the center of rich spiritual gatherings which strengthened her love for the gospel. Her father was in the stake presidency for twenty-three years, serving as president the last twelve years.

Sister Ellsworth attended Brigham Young College in Logan for one year, and it was there that she met her future husband, John Orval Ellsworth. They were married October 21, 1914, in the Logan Temple.

The Ellsworths went into the mission field as students at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York. From there, they went to Oklahoma where Brother Ellsworth was a professor at Oklahoma A. & M. College. After they left Oklahoma, they lived for eighteen years at Lubbock, Texas, where he was a college professor and later a dean.

Since the Ellsworths have never been blessed with children, they have tried to make their home the center of reunion for the Church's young people. During World War II, many Latter-day Saint boys stationed at Lubbock Field for pilot training came each Saturday night to an open house at the Ellsworth home.

Annie M. Ellsworth finished college after her marriage, receiving a B.S. degree in foods and nutrition. She also is a talented interior decorator.

Sister Ellsworth has served the Relief Society in various capacities including stake secretary in the Boise Stake, president of the Lubbock Branch, supervisor of the West Texas District, first counselor and president of the Denver First Ward, President of the Central States Mission Relief Society, and is serving at present as a social science leader in the Provo Eighth ward. She is genealogist for the large Marriner Wood Merrill family.

Sister Ellsworth now resides in Provo, where her husband is a Professor of religion at Brigham Young University.

Through her service she has stimulated and strengthened the testimony of many.

Mary Ross Young

Elna P. Haymond

Member, General Board of Relief Society

MARY R. YOUNG

ANNOUNCEMENT of the appointment, April 13, 1955, of Mary Ross Young to the general board of Relief Society brought congratulations and approval from her host of friends.

Sister Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, to George J. Ross and Mary Romney. Her father passed away when she was nine years of age and her mother reared their five children in a home where religious training, devotion to service, and love of the gospel were constantly taught and practiced.

When but sixteen years of age, Sister Young served as secretary of the Twentieth Ward Sunday School. During the following years she taught in the Religion Class, Primary, and M.I.A. organizations. She attended the Latter-day Saints High School and the Latter-day Saints Business College. Sister Young continued her training through the reading of good books. She has long been an ardent student of the scriptures. The knowledge thus gained has developed a strong, unswerving testimony of the gospel. This knowl-

edge and testimony will be carried by her into her work on the general board. It will enable her to carry, with conviction and humility, the gospel message to the many hundreds of sisters whom she will visit throughout the stakes of the Church.

On December 29, 1921, she married Gaylen Snow Young in the Salt Lake Temple. Their children are Gaylen S. Young, Jr. an attorney; Mrs. Joseph (Betsy) Newton; Mrs. Graham (Mary Lou) Doxey, and Edwin. Sister Young has nine grandchildren. She loves them dearly and acts as "second" mother to them for days and weeks at times when conditions require such attention.

After her marriage, Sister Young with her husband, lived in Washington D. C. while Brother Young completed his study of law. While there she was active in the branch. Upon her return to Salt Lake she served on the Primary stake board and later in the presidency. Her next assignment was as a board member of the Bonneville Stake Relief Society. After serving on the stake board she was made president of the Bonneville Ward Relief Society, then counselor in the Bonneville Stake. At the time of her appointment to the general board she was president of the Bonneville Stake Relief Society.

Spirituality, humility, love for her fellow men, and a desire to serve have radiated to members of her family and to all those whom she calls neighbors. The warmth of her personality, with her love for people, coupled with her charity and understanding of others' problems, will endear her to many and make her services invaluable as a member of the general board.

The Covered Bridge

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

We found it where no speeding cars intrude,
Where time has grown a shawl of ivy lace.
The country noonday weaves a slumbrous mood
Around the woodsy quiet of the place.
And slivered sun falls through the leaning roof
To lie in splintered light upon the planks
Where phantom echoes rise of wheel and hoof,
Of hurrying rigs and splashing water tanks.
Within the sheltered hush of this old bridge,
Our thoughts meandered to those days gone by;
While mentally we crossed half-century-ridge,
Stepped back to rutted trail, uncharted sky.
But then we heard a plane, swift-winged and brief—
And knew a world had changed beyond belief.

Poetry—A Rich Heritage

Christie Lund Coles

POETRY is a soul-food so rich, so satisfying, so nourishing that he who has never known the joy of it has been hungry indeed.

And I believe that those who have been given the gift of expression are indeed blessed.

The poet has found his medium of expression. What he expresses, and how well he does it depend upon his own ability, and his own willingness to develop his talent.

The subject matter of poetry is limitless. Many modernists declare that nothing is beyond the province of the writer, if he is able to capture and present it well. Robert Burns proved this true, in his day, by his poignant and wise words in "To a Field Mouse," and in the poem written while watching a louse upon a lady's hat. Yet, it is more or less accepted that beauty and wisdom and aspiration to nobility are better handled in poetry than subjects of ugliness and sordidness.

There are so many good and worthwhile subjects about which one can speak, there is so much wisdom to be presented, that I think, particularly for our Church publications, we should adhere to these things. Beauty is still "its own excuse for being."

Poetry is different from prose in that what it says must be said succinctly, carefully, briefly. It must catch in a sentence what prose can take a page to present. This sentence cannot be merely a declarative thing, either; it must be said in words that are rich in meaning, in beauty, with phrases full of imagery and metaphors not necessarily found in prose. Elinor Wylie in her poem "Velvet Shoes," says, "We shall walk in velvet shoes." It comes upon us so forcibly that we can feel velvet beneath our feet when walking on the snow. Poets are content too often to use hackneyed, trite expressions that were beautiful when first used, but are not beautiful now because they have been said too many times.

Imagery is the rich embroidery of a poem, and if it is fresh, it is a true delight. If a phrase like "downy flakes" comes to us, we should examine it closely before using it. If it comes too easily to mind it may be that we have read it many times before, and have stored it in our subconscious minds. We should seek hard for new words, new combinations, and try to say something as it has never been said before.

Forms of poetry are varied, and one wishing to write should make a study of the standard, accepted forms so that she will have a better background for what she writes. In the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contests, for instance, it is interesting to note that sonnets have been singularly successful as winning poems. For those not familiar with the sonnet form I might say briefly that a son-

net consists of fourteen lines with alternate lines rhyming—abab-cdcd-efef—gg (each letter standing for a rhyme sound—two a's rhyming, etc.). The lines are iambic pentameter, which means there are usually five heavy beats and five light ones, with the second syllable in the lines getting the accent, such as "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." An occasional extra light beat is permissible, but only one familiar with the form should try this. The sonnet is a stately form for a fine subject.

There are other types of sonnets, but this is the most popular in America today. The couplet at the end should sum up the subject with strength and meaning. If the poem has a theme, it can very well be presented or reiterated in these lines.

LYRICS — poems which sing themselves — are always popular, if beautifully done. A well-written ballad (a poem which tells a story) can be effective, as can free verse (a strong thought or picture which is told without definite pattern in the form).

As in a sonnet, every poem should build to a climax. Many poets find that their last lines, which are usually the best, the crux of the whole idea, come to them first. They should build unity of thought around this idea, and weave a poem worthy of this climax. It is a good idea to write the theme of your poem, or the central thought, down before you start the poem itself. It has been said that if you cannot write your theme for either a poem or a story in one sentence, it is not clear in your own mind.

Robert Frost maintains that every poem should have a surface meaning. That is, one that can be gleaned with one or two brief readings, but might, and preferably should have other levels of depth and meaning.

The modern objection to cliches and words not used in ordinary speech, such as "morn," "alas," etc., is well founded. These words were considered good in the Victorian age, but are not acceptable now. One should write as one should speak in simple address, not necessarily ending a line with a period or ending the thought at the end of the line, merely because the form seems to call for it. Punctuate as you would punctuate any good piece of writing. Strength is often gained by letting the thought run from one line into the next, and the difficulty of rhyme is lessened. Fresh rhymes are something to be striven for always.

The poet who would write well, who would win contests, or sell in the face of terrific competition, should do as much studying as possible. Reading poetry from the masters, as well as from contemporary poets, should be a *must*. Read . . . read . . . read. Then, forget what you have read and write . . . write. To those who wish to know what is happening on the writing scene — contests, requirements, trends — a good writer's magazine is most helpful.

University courses or extension work, attending writers' groups where poems can be read aloud and criticized, writers' conferences or meetings, where outstanding, suc-

cessful poets speak, are most valuable, particularly if one can still stay true to her best self and write honestly, rather than trying to write what might please some passing phase or trend.

TEXTBOOKS and reference books used for accuracy and study are almost a necessity, for even a slight error may be picked up by an astute reader and may count against your effort.

Latter-day Saint women have an opportunity for expression and success in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and should take advantage of it. We have a great field of pioneer history and scenic beauty upon which to draw. Yet these subjects must be handled with special care. It is easy to be trite and sentimental on a theme close to us, but if handled wisely, such a subject can be most strong and moving.

In summing up, I would say: Choose a subject that is as universal as possible, yet near to you, one upon which you feel deeply; let it lie in the deep well of your subconscious mind while you are doing other things; then, bring it forth and try to clothe it in the form most suited to your thought (often, the thought will actually dictate the form). Write it in the great flush of joy and fulfillment that comes from creating, but, do not let it end there. Later, in the calm light of reason and criticism, go over it, over every line, every word, polishing, shining, making it yours indeed, in expression and content. Try to make your poem alive with concrete images, rather than with telling it. Do not try too hard to preach, but let the theme come through your veiled expression.

Before submitting, be sure that the mechanical dressing of your brain child is as nearly perfect as possible. Have it neatly and accurately typed on good paper. A first impression may unwittingly influence a judge in its favor; the opposite is possible, also.

Submit your poem according to the rules, and if you win, well and good. But if you lose, remember that it does not necessarily mean you do not have a good poem. Judges differ as much as poems do, and the poem which may not win this year may have a chance next year, or in another contest, or to an editor. And the chances are, it can still be improved, worked on, seasoned.

Writing something worthwhile is worth all the effort involved, for poetry is a rich heritage of which we should strive to be worthy, and to perpetuate for our posterity.

Helpful References for the Writer of Poetry

Brooks and Warren: *Understanding Poetry*, Henry Holt and Company, New York, $4.50.

Hamilton, Anne: *How to Revise Your Own Poems*, Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio, $1.50.

Hamilton, Anne: *Seven Principles of Poetry*, Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio, $2.50.

Zillman, Lawrence: *Writing Your Poem*, Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio, $2.75.

Willard Luce

SMALL BUCKWHEAT IN CRATERS OF THE MOON NATIONAL MONUMENT

Blossoms in Lava

Willard Luce

DURING June and July, the Craters of the Moon National Monument and the adjoining cinder cone desert are full of surprises. The surprises will be even greater if you have read Washington Irving's description of the area. Irving, in *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, writes:

> An area of about sixty miles in diameter, where nothing meets the eye but desolate and awful waste, where no grass grows nor water runs, and where nothing is to be seen but lava.

This forbidding wilderness, once a valley of fire, is located in south central Idaho, north of the Snake River, south of Arco, and west of Blackfoot. The main highway to Sun Valley passes along the western border of the lava country, and the road to Salmon River intersects its northeastern areas. Idaho Highway 23, which branches off at Shoshone north of Twin Falls, passes directly through the National Monument, which constitutes only a small part of the lava landscape.

Actually the amount of vegetation, and, especially, the amount of blossoming flowers in the Monument is startling. Possibly the most eye-catching of all is the tiny, purple monkey flower which literally carpets large areas of the cinder fields. The monkey flowers seem to grow best in the low, depressed areas;

even old wheel tracks become filled with them. Individually, the blossoms are tiny and somehow resemble the face of a monkey.

Another profuse blossomer of the Craters is the dwarf buckwheat. The foliage of the buckwheat is gray and the blossoms a yellowish-gray, almost ball-shaped. In the late sunshine these plants make startling contrasts against the red, black, and brown of the cinder cones. At such times the hills seem to become huge mounds of flowered obsidian.

For individual blossoms, possibly the delicate, starlike bitterroot takes the prize ribbon. Clusters of mock orange, white with yellow centers, and the intense green of the dainty ferns also have decorative qualities all their own.

Besides the flowers and the blossoming shrubs, there are three varieties of trees found in the Monument: western juniper, *Juniperus occidentalis;* limber pine, *Pinus flexilis;* and quaking aspen, *Populus tremuloides*. All of which fails to make the Craters of the Moon National Monument into a city park; but, at the same time, keeps it from being quite the barren waste described by Washington Irving.

Willard Luce

TWISTED PINE TREE IN LAVA BEDS
CRATERS OF THE MOON NATIONAL MONUMENT, IDAHO

A Good Life

Vera Mayhew

JOAN stood near the window of the small, old house and watched the gray dust whirls on the unpaved road that passed her door.

This is the very worst place I've ever been, she said to herself, and thought longingly of the army housing she had formerly thought was the worst in the world. At least in army housing you have neighbors, she thought, young neighbors with the same problems and heartaches and the same capacity for fun. Here her nearest neighbor was more than half a block away, a little, old mousey person, sixty years old or more. Joan had seen her several times out working in her garden, but they had not spoken in the two months that Joan had lived in the little house.

It wasn't Bill's fault she was here. He had certainly pointed that out to her last night. Long ago he had warned her that it would be hard to find a place to live, that the nearest town to the job was a very small one, and she would have little to do and would get terribly bored and homesick. But with Bill just home from Korea and the memory of that awful fifteen months of his absence fresh in her mind, how could she think of anything but the joy of being with him again?

Now she was willing to admit that Bill knew more about small California desert towns than she did. He had worked near them before, and knew what it was like to be so far from movement and life. After all, he had been a construction engineer before he went into the army. She had met him while he was stationed at a post near her home in San Francisco. She smiled with love at the memory of that meeting at a friend's home, forgetting, for a moment, her present misery.

It had been on a clear and sparkly night that Alice had called Joan to ask her please to be a fourth for a tour of San Francisco's fun spots. Alice's friend had brought another boy along, and they needed someone to make the party even. Joan had gone reluctantly, and it had turned into the evening of her life with the knowledge growing more sure inside her every minute that this Bill Brent was going to mean something more to her than just a few hours of fun.

How right she had been. How wonderful it was to marry him after a short courtship and go with him to make a home at other army camps. She didn't love him any less now, and we haven't grown apart, really, she assured herself. It's just that I can't stand being stuck away in this awful, ugly little house all day and then never going any place in the evening.

That's what had been wrong last night. She had walked downtown in the afternoon and noticed that a picture they had missed was playing that night at the town's one picture place. She had dinner on the table

when Bill got home, and she was dressed and ready to go. There would be only one showing and they would have to hurry to make it.

BILL had been a little late, and then he had taken forever with his shower and dressing and when, at last, he had come out to dinner he was in pajamas and a robe.

"Oh, Bill, I forgot to tell you before you went to dress," she said, throwing her arms around his neck and giving him a quick, hard squeeze. "But guess what? *Startime* is on at the movies tonight. Isn't that wonderful luck? Do hurry into something and let's fly through dinner and be on our way."

She gave him a hurried kiss on the cheek and danced into the kitchen whirling round and round. They were going some place, they actually were! But when she came back with the food, there sat Bill in the one comfortable chair, sprawled out as if he would never have even enough energy to come to the table.

"Bill, you haven't even started," she said reproachfully.

"That's just half of it. I'm not going to," he answered.

Joan almost opened her mouth in astonishment. She had thought Bill would be as thrilled as she was to have something to do. He got up and came around the table, and put his arm around her waist.

"Cheer up, kid," he said. "Tomorrow is another day. Maybe I won't be so all in. Today was really tough."

"But, Bill," she answered, determinedly cheerful, "remember this is the Isis. Pictures Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Mostly blood and thunder. You see it tonight or you never see it."

"Too bad. I guess we'll never see it," he said with a smile and a shrug.

She couldn't let it go at that. Her hopes had been so high that she didn't even see how really tired he was, and they had quarreled, bitterly, while the dinner cooled on the table, and both had finally gone to bed without eating anything. There she had poured out her loneliness and boredom, and he had reminded her that he had told her not to come, to stay in San Francisco with her parents and let him get down to see her as often as he could. She had accused him of not wanting her with him, of not caring whether she was happy or not, and he had called her a child, and what was more, a spoiled child.

Even this morning their quarrel had not been resolved. She had prepared his breakfast in silence and in silence they had eaten. He had gone off without even saying goodbye.

Her breath came hard and fast as she thought of the situation she was in. She got out the dress she was knitting, sat down, and did a few stitches and then put it back in the drawer. What she needed was action. If she had a piano she would pound the life out of it. All her life she had been able to work off her tensions playing the piano. But there was no piano here. Maybe that was most of the trouble. She had never before tried to get along without a piano.

She looked about the small room, trying to find something to do.

It was *boringly neat*, as her mother always said when there was nothing on top of anything to show that people were around. She had scrubbed and painted and made curtains and slip covers and a bedspread, everything she could think of to take time and make the place seem more like a home. Now there just wasn't another thing she could do.

Well, maybe she could dig in the garden, but she hated digging in gardens. She detested the feel of dirt on her hands. She wanted to enjoy her flowers after someone else had done all the work. Arranging them, making them beautiful in a house, that she loved, but she couldn't make them grow. Besides, she wouldn't know where to start in this weed-grown patch. She'd just have to keep on waiting for Bill to have time.

I'll go down to the store, she thought, and try to dream up something for dinner that will take all day to cook. If all we're going to do while we're here is eat, it may as well be good.

Joan went out the door and down the street. Her neighbor was working again in her garden. Now here was someone who knew how to make a garden grow. The iris and roses blooming together in profusion were one of the most beautiful pictures Joan had ever seen. She stopped to give herself more time to look. As she stood entranced, the woman working, looked up and smiled.

"How beautiful your garden is," Joan said almost involuntarily.

"Let me cut you some blooms," the woman answered.

Joan flushed. She was about to answer, curtly, "I wasn't asking for flowers," when she caught the look of friendliness in the woman's eyes. Why she's lonely, too, Joan thought, and shy.

Instead of the thoughtless words she had intended, Joan said, "That would be wonderful. But I'm just going to town. Let me stop and get them as I come back. If you've gone into the house, I'll knock on your door."

"I'll have them ready," the woman answered.

JOAN started to walk on, then stopped and came back to the gate. "I was wondering," she said, "if I could do anything for you while I'm down town."

"Why, that's right kind of you. I was needing some black embroidery cotton and not feeling like walking after it. Wait just a minute I'll get you the money."

"Oh, don't go in the house just for that. Go on with your gardening. You can pay me when I stop by for the flowers." Joan waved gaily and walked down the street.

"I'll need about ten skeins," the woman called after her.

Ten skeins! Joan thought. Whatever can she be doing with so much black? But she just waggled two fingers to let the woman know she understood and walked on.

Joan was feeling much better when she got back to her own place, her arms full of packages and the huge bunch of flowers. Her neighbor's name, she had discovered, was Nancy Graham, and besides being a gardener, she did the most divine smocking on aprons and

children's dresses. That's what the thread was for. What she did with them Joan hadn't yet found out, but she expected to. She even thought she might learn to smock and do a few herself. Mrs. Graham had not spoken of herself, but she seemed so happy to have someone to visit with a few minutes that Joan surmised she was a widow living alone. Joan had noticed two or three group pictures on the mantel, probably children and their families. As she thought about this new acquaintance, Joan's hands had been busy arranging the flowers. Now she stood back to view her work. There, that does more than anything I've done to make this place look lived in, she said to herself, as, humming softly, she began to prepare the dinner that would be a peace offering to Bill. Poor Bill, he did work hard, and he had seen enough movies overseas to last him a lifetime. She'd just have to give him time to get used to thinking about her needs.

Several days later when Joan noticed Mrs. Graham again tending her flowers, she put on a pot of coffee and walked down the street.

"Won't you come over and have a cup of coffee with me and talk awhile?" she said.

"I'll be glad to come and talk and watch you drink the coffee. Just let me wash my hands," Mrs. Graham said.

In a moment she was out of the house again and the two women walked back to Joan's together.

As they went in the front door, Mrs. Graham exclaimed, "Oh, what wonderful things you do with flowers! I grow them, but I just stick them in a vase. I have absolutely no talent for arranging."

"To each his own ability," Joan smiled. "I can't grow them. You're sure you won't have a cup of coffee?"

"Since we're neighbors and may be seeing each other quite a bit, I may as well tell you right now that I'm a Mormon, and I don't drink coffee or tea or smoke or take cocktails."

A Mormon! It about took Joan's breath. She had never met a Mormon before. Of course, she had heard about them. There had been so much in the magazines and newspapers about Secretary Benson since he had been in Washington, that anyone that could read could not help knowing that there were Mormons. But she had never thought about meeting one. She hardly knew what to say. Should she just ignore it, murmur something or other or ask a question?

Finally, after a too long pause, she inquired, "Tell me. Why do you do without those particular things?"

Mrs. Graham explained about the "word of wisdom." Joan asked questions and put in ideas of her own, and both women were surprised when the noon whistle blew.

IT was several days later that Nancy Graham came calling on Joan quite early in the morning.

"I came to ask a favor," she said.

"Sure. Anything I can do," Joan answered, and hoped it would be something she really could do.

"I was wondering if you would go with me to Relief Society today and arrange the flowers. I always take

some, but my arrangements are so uninspired. A beautiful piece like you do would put a ring around the day."

"I guess I can, but tell me, what's Relief Society?" Joan asked.

"It's hard to explain in a few words. Something like the Ladies Aid or the Missionary Society in other churches, only more. Call past my house about one o'clock, and I'll tell you what I can and let you see some more."

They climbed a steep flight of rickety stairs, Nancy Graham carrying a flower container and some chicken wire that Joan had asked for, and several of her finished aprons, with Joan coming behind her, her arms full of flowers. The room they entered was appalling, peeling plaster, cracks in the floor boards, uncurtained windows.

"You get busy with the flowers and I'll straighten this place around a little," Mrs. Graham said.

She unlocked a door into a closet and brought out a small lace tablecloth that covered the deep gouges and ink stains on the table-top. Then she got a dozen new folding chairs out of the same closet and put three on one side of the table and one at the end. The rest she arranged facing the table at a little distance.

"We are only a very small group," she explained as she worked, "so we have to meet any place we can get. Sometimes I think we would do better to have Relief Society in our homes, but we are so scattered and this town is more central than any place else. Then, too, when we always meet here we always know where to go."

"You mean that there are some women who come to your meeting who don't live in town?" Joan asked.

"Oh, my, yes. There are several who live on farms and some from other small towns around. Two of the women you will likely see today will have driven twenty-five miles."

Joan's hand stilled on the flowers as she thought about that.

"I should think Relief Society would have to be good to make it worth a trip like that," she decided, resuming work.

"It's worth the trip," Mrs. Graham said, with quiet conviction. "Oh, those flowers are so beautiful. We can look at them and never notice how awful the room is. Now, I'll just get another chair for these aprons. Some of the rest will be bringing things in. Our bazaar will be in about three more weeks."

AFTER dinner that night as Bill dried dishes for Joan she told him about her day.

"Such an incredibly awful place, Bill, but such a gallant group. They are so close and friendly, call each other *sister*, and that's just what it seemed like. A group of sisters. Do you know two of them had driven twenty-five miles to that meeting?" she recalled, her hands still in the sudsy water.

"Twenty-five miles?" Bill questioned. "You sure you heard right? What would they get out of a meeting to be worth a trip like that?"

"That's what I thought when Mrs. Graham told me they were coming. But when the women began to come and they were so glad to see each other, I began to under-

stand a little. Then after the meeting, they all lingered as if they couldn't bear to break those companionable bonds, and I understood more. You know, I'll bet that they went back to all those different places where they live feeling as if they'd had a visit home."

"But the meeting?" Bill asked. "How was the meeting?"

"Surprisingly enough, it was interesting. This was what they call their literature lesson, and they were talking about Emily Bronte and *Wuthering Heights!* You know, I think I'm going to read it again."

Bill chuckled, "Not enough new things coming out?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

Joan smiled. "Not that exactly. But if you go back to the old and tried once in a while, you sort of get your values straightened out."

Neither spoke for a minute, thinking about those values, then Joan said, "I almost forgot to tell you the most important thing. There was a girl there about my age, a graduate of Juilliard School of Music. She played the piano and, bad as the instrument was, she made it sound fine. I talked to her afterward, and we are going to practice some duets. Mrs. Graham says I can use her piano. It's a good one, too. One of her married daughters graduated with a music major from College of the Pacific. Mrs. Graham says it will be good to hear some music around the house again. She seemed real glad that I can play the piano."

"Looks like you had yourself a profitable afternoon," Bill decided, kissing her upcurved lips and touching his finger to her glowing cheeks. "Your music means a lot to you, doesn't it? I guess I haven't quite realized what you have been missing. I'll try to remember. I really do love you."

Joan just smiled as she went into his arms. Maybe she had found something more than music. Or something to make her music and her love and everything mean even more. She'd have to see. Move carefully, she told herself. Be sure. But deep in her heart was the memory of that beautiful closeness she had known this afternoon. She knew, somehow that it could extend even to her and Bill. It could encompass everything. That thought, together with Bill's strong arms, made her catch her breath.

While Summer Sings

Lael W. Hill

All the tiny jeweled eyes
Watch where summer lightly lies,
All the softly powdered wings
Quiver while the season sings.

Honey-sweet and dusty gold,
Summer reaches to enfold
Cricket chorale in the meadow,
Moths that drift as still as shadow.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

Poetry: There is poetry in beautiful thoughts, kind deeds and loving words: there is poetry in the chirp of the meadowlark and the croak of the frog; there is poetry in the rising and in the setting sun, in the stars and the moon, in a beautiful sky; there is poetry in the hills and the dales, and the delicate tinted flowers that grow there; there is poetry in the mountains and in the laughing streams that rush down their sides. There is poetry in music, painting, and in everything that is beautiful, grand, sublime, noble and true.

—Olea Shipp

Eternal Law: When a man by mutual consent of both parties has made of woman a wife and mother, and a child has been born, a living soul created; that has been done which never can be undone. Eternal results and consequences must inevitably follow, and this is sufficient reason why it should be done by virtue of an everlasting covenant, a covenant made to endure in time and through all eternity.

—S. W. R.

MARRIAGE

In a green and shady bower,
Where the creeping ivy's twine
Flowers and mossy velvet carpet
Is a picture grand, sublime.

'Neath the bower a form is seated,
Manly, noble-browed and just
And beside a lovely maiden
Greets his smile with fervent trust.

They are gazing on the future
Loving hearts they both enfold,
Plighted vows they cast together
In affection's sacred mold . . . .

—Lizzie Brown

Women in Journalism: Since the days when Miriam wrote and sang in the classic land of the Nile, there have been women with hearts full of song, and with souls delicately attuned — silent poets, perhaps, but oftimes silent only because the stern tyrant necessity bade them toil, not sing . . . . literature is one avocation that has never closed its doors to women . . . . There are women engaged in journalism in all parts of the civilized world . . . . The field is overcrowded and one should not attempt to enter unless she feels that inherent call which almost amounts to inspiration.

—Lizzie Stevenson Wilcox

GOLDEN WEDDING: The Golden Wedding of Elder Ezra T. Clark and his wife Mary S. Clark was celebrated on Saturday evening, May 18th, 1895, in the Opera House, at Farmington, Davis County, Utah . . . Sister Clark spoke of her joy and her happiness under all circumstances, because of the Gospel; of coming here among the sagebrush, living in a log cabin . . . . Sister Rhoda Cooper, eighty-five years old, sang the hymn, "Who is this fair one from the wilderness traveling?" . . .

—Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MISS MARY E. SWITZER, National Director of Vocational Rehabilitation in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, says America must "carry to the world the philosophy that there is dignity in all people, even the handicapped. We must help in evaluating and developing the capabilities of the handicapped, instead of exploiting their limitations," she notes.

IN Greece it is still mandatory that a bride's father pay a generous marriage settlement to the groom. This custom has become so burdensome to struggling peasants—especially those with many daughters—that the village fathers of seventeen villages in south-central Greece have written on open letter to Queen Frederika, asking her to help abolish the dowry system.

MRS. JOSEPHINE G. SHAEFER, left a widow with one child in 1926, took a position with an important real estate firm in New York. Now a vice-president and director, as well as a broker of the company, and a member of its executive committee, she has, over the last three years, grossed more business than any of her associates.

MRS. ARTHUR CROM, General Federation of Women's Clubs Narcotics Chairman, is appealing for forceful legislation, including uniform laws in all states, to crush the narcotic situation in our country. Two Federal hospitals for drug addicts showed an increase of 2,000 per cent in admissions from 1947 to 1950. Today 50,000 young people under twenty-one years of age are caught in the toils of the drug habit. Cures are extremely difficult to effect, ranging from one per cent to a rare eighteen per cent. People may be cured more easily when treated in the early stages of the habit, than confirmed addicts.

OLIVE WOOLLEY BURT, well-known contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, and author of nineteen books, has a new biography recently off the press—*John Charles Fremont*, which recounts the frontier adventures of the courageous trailmaker whose travels and maps gave priceless information to western pioneers.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Elizabeth Mohr Felix, Logan, Utah, and Mrs. Elizabeth Raymond Openshaw, Salt Lake City, both ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 JUNE 1955 NO. 6

The 125th Annual Church Conference

WORDS of counsel, of encouragement, and warning were sent forth to the inhabitants of the earth at the 125th Annual General Conference of the Church held April 3d, 4th, and 6th, 1955, in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. President David O. McKay presided and conducted all the seven sessions beginning with the Priesthood meeting held on April 2d. This was the largest Priesthood meeting ever held in the Church as the proceedings were disseminated over closed circuits to approximately 25,000 Priesthood members in nearly seventy meetings in the nine Western States. The proceedings of the first general session, held Sunday morning, were televised through KSL-TV over eighteen television stations in seven states, and the six general sessions were all broadcast through KSL radio over fourteen radio stations. Elder Harold B. Lee spoke over the CBS Church of the Air and Elder Hugh B. Brown was heard over the NBC Faith in Action series. All of the General Authorities of the Church were present as the conference opened.

President McKay, in his opening address declared:

> Lift up an ensign of peace, and make a proclamation for peace unto the ends of the earth (D. & C. 105:39) . . . . We love peace, but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of the body . . . . The peace that will be permanent must be founded upon the principles of righteousness as taught and exemplified by the Prince of Peace, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

In the development of his theme "What are we doing as a Church and as members thereof to proclaim this peace?" President McKay made observations on four effective factors operative in the spreading of the gospel. He named them as the work being done by missionaries; a better understanding of the purposes of missionary work by officials of governments and municipalities; the need to put forth every effort to place every educational and spiritual privilege that the Church has to offer within reach of Church members in distant missions; and the influence of the power of example, especially in the homes of Church members. "It is inconsistent to go abroad to proclaim peace if we have not peace in our own lives and homes . . . . Example in the home is entirely essential to the proclamation of peace abroad," he warned the saints at home.

President Stephen L Richards discussed some phases of Christianity. In speaking of a definition given of Christianity over the radio recently as the "Society of the Friends of Jesus," President Richards quoted John 15:13-16 and asserted, "The essence of the friendship here set

forth lies in belief and acceptance of the divinity of the Master . . . . I heard nothing in his [radio speaker's] sermon to indicate that was his concept."

President Richards then pointed out some of the attributes of a Christian, "to enable each man to determine for himself the state of his worthiness of this honorable designation." After enumerating them, he declared:

> We would like all to know that additional evidences for the divinity of the Christ, and for the support of the Christian concept have providentially come to the world in these latter days . . . that knowledge of it, the adoption of the Restored Gospel as a way of life, will immeasurably enhance the prospect of the triumph of the forces of freedom over their opponents.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. spoke of being greatly impressed with President McKay's message, particularly "that part of it which dealt with the home and with what I might call discipline in the home. Discipline is not a rod. It is love, kindness, consideration, and understanding."

After quoting Psalms 8:4-5 and Genesis 1:27, President Clark declared:

> In those statements, in that declaration, pregnant with meaning, is bound up the whole plan of life and salvation, our existence before we came, our existence here, and our existence hereafter . . . . He [the Lord] gave the gospel from the very beginning that men might know what they had to do in order that they might fulfill their measure of creation and reach that high destiny he had provided . . . . It has been an easy transition, I say, to affirm that since the physical has become outmoded, so is "outmoded" the moral and the spiritual of the past . . . . We have not changed. We are as God made us originally . . . the spiritual in man, the spirit of man is in no sense whatever "outmoded." He stands today as he stood when he came from the Garden. God is still God, Jesus is the Christ.

At the conclusion of the final session, President McKay expressed the prayer in the hearts of all the faithful who had been privileged to be present in the Tabernacle or who had heard or seen the proceedings over the air, when he expressed appreciation for the Spirit of the Lord which had been present.

In spite of an unseasonal, heavy snowfall, the saints crowded in all available spaces to hear the word of the Lord to Latter-day Saints, a people blessed above all people—no matter where they may live or be found upon the earth today — for possessing that peace of which President McKay spoke, promised by the Savior to his sons and daughters.

—M. C. S.

. . . And he remembered for them his covenant . . . . And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south . . . . And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation . . . . For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness (Psalms 106:45 and 107:3, 7, 9).

"From Sea to Shining Sea"

(For Flag Day, June 14, 1955, in memory of that day in 1777 on which the American Congress formally adopted the Stars and Stripes as the National Flag)

THIS is a day for special remembrance. When we see the Stars and Stripes flung out in glory above the dome of the Nation's Capitol, above a State House, or waving aloft on the liberty pole of some small village, we see not only the patterned stars and alternating stripes, but we see America, the Nation. We see its past, its present, and our hopes for future ages. We see the land and the people. We see action and ideals, sacrifice and service.

President Wilson once said that our flag has no other meaning than that which we, as citizens, give to it. We create the luster of the stripes, and we maintain the purity of the stars in the field of blue.

The flag bears in imagery the pageant of our Nation's history, the landscape, the color, the surging panorama of national growth. There is a memory of the sound of waters moved by the paddle of oars as questing boats traverse the long rivers of America, as explorers follow the waterways to find the sources of the streams. There is the sound of the moccasin tread of the frontiersman as he threads his way deeply into primeval forests westward to the sea.

And there is the sound that can never die. The slow and patient rumble of the covered wagons in the migration westward. The rumble and rattle, the rhythmic plodding, the sound of the tide of empire going forward under a pillar of dust.

There is the sound of an axe chopping the forest trees, clearing the land. There is the jingle of a harness as a plow is guided along the rows of dark soil.

The flag stands for that spaciousness of land, that spacious freedom of the heart which come from a realization of the possibilities of the individual and his forward destiny. A thoughtful mind, contemplating the Nation's Flag, sees not the Flag alone, but the Nation—its land, its people, its ideals.

Know America. Stand at dusk on the heights above the Golden Gate and watch the sea mist disappearing into an infinity of ocean. Then turn your face eastward and think of America. Stand at dawn on some high peak of the Rockies or the towering Sierras. See the rose-tinted light of morning crowding out the shadows from deep canyons, shedding brightness on the far peaks, painting with splendor the looping of serried ranges that seem to have no end. See from the eastern harbor the Statue of Liberty—symbol of our land. Say to yourself "This is America."

Or walk in the silence of the desert, noting the shadow of rocks in a thirsty land, the stalwart courage of the Joshua tree, the white bloom of the yucca drawn from the dark earth. Walk further and see the lone rim of iron that long ago fell from the wheel of a traveler's wagon. See the forgotten ashes of a campfire. This, too, is America.

Our National standard is emblematic of that particular plan of life which has been slowly evolved from the hearts and hands of people of many races who have brought from their fatherlands the best thoughts of the Old World and mingled with them the ideals of the New World.

If we are to fulfill our destiny and build a promised land, each one of us, individually a flag-maker, must see that we add only light and splendor to the banner of our country. We should give evidence of this by the integrity of our own lives, our kindnesses, our willingness to serve, by living in harmony with law and order. We can speak of our country with dignity and devotion; we can do our part in securing for our land the political leadership which it needs and which it must have to maintain its free institutions. We can gain a knowledge of the purpose of the Constitution and its wise provisions for human happiness and progress — and we can be defenders of the Constitution. We can look upon the Flag as an emblem of the past, the banner of our present hope, and the protector of our children in years to come.

—V.P.C.

"How Can It Please the Human Pride?"

Caroline Eyring Miner

IN sacrament meeting last evening we sang the hymn, "Nay, Speak No Ill," and the line, "How can it please the human pride to prove humanity but base?" has been running through my mind. We are all part of the same big family, and surely we cannot be pleased, but instead must be most sorrowful, to find one of our family in error or sin.

How can it please anyone to slander or libel his own brother or sister? And yet so often we are guilty of making unkind, harmful, even malicious statements about each other.

How can it please the human pride to make life more difficult for another traveler on the highway of life? That we sometimes do this, may be because we have looked upon each other as competitive strangers rather than as brothers.

The poet Edwin Markham has reminded us of our destiny as brothers, for no man walks the path of life alone. All of us are confronted with problems and all of us stand in need of sympathy and understanding.

It is the golden rule that "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them . . ." (Matthew 7:12). The others in the world are all our brothers. It cannot please the human pride to prove humanity but base.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Summer Work Meetings

IT is the desire of the general board that a work meeting be held each month, as heretofore, during the summer period, June through September.

Brigham Young University Leadership Week

June 20 - 24th, 1955

BRIGHAM Young University Leadership Week will be held this year during the week of June 20th to June 24th. Lecture periods dealing with courses of study in Relief Society will be offered during certain periods each day.

A fee of $1 will be required as the registration expense for all leadership activities, which will include over sixty courses which have been organized for the education and inspiration of patrons. Mimeographed copies of selected lectures will be supplied at cost and will be available either during leadership week or shortly thereafter. Detailed information and registration blanks may be obtained by writing: Professor Lynn M. Hilton, Extension Division, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

Hymn of the Month

The Church-wide congregational hymn singing project, inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, will be continued during the coming year, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of the Church members and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at union meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

An analysis and story of the hymn will be printed each month in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*.

Following is a list of hymns approved for the twelve months June 1955 to June 1956.

Month	Hymn	Number
1955		
June	I Have Work Enough to Do—Pollard-Kirkpatrick	71
July	A Mighty Fortress—Martin Luther	3
August	Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd Wingate-Kirkpatrick	26
September	Praise the Lord With Heart and Voice—Cannon	149
October	Come Unto Jesus—Huish	22
November	Now Thank We All Our God—Rinkart-Cruger	120
December	Hark! The Herald Angels Sing Wesley-Mendelssohn	60
1956		
January	The Glorious Gospel Light Has Shone—Johnson-Robertson	45
February	'Tis Sweet to Sing the Matchless Love Manwaring-Asper	187
March	Christ the Lord Is Risen Today—Wesley-Carey	10
April	Jesus, My Saviour True—Huish	85
May	Lead Me Into Life Eternal—Widtsoe-Schreiner	141
June	Come, Ye Children of the Lord—Wallis Spanish Melody	23

New Serial "Hermanas" to Begin in July

A new serial "Hermanas" (Sisters), by Fay Tarlock, will begin in the July issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. With beautiful Mexico City as a background, the serial presents Graciela, her mother Lolita, and Jim Flores, a medical student, as well as other appealing people whose lives are complicated by traditions of the past threatening to disrupt the future happiness of Graciela and Jim.

Mrs. Tarlock is an author already well known to readers of the *Magazine* who have enjoyed her articles, short stories, and serials. Her serial "A Time to Forget" was featured in the *Magazine* in 1952 and 1953. Mrs. Tarlock, a graduate of Brigham Young University, later received her Master's Degree in journalism at Columbia University. She now lives on a ranch near Danville, California.

Selling the Relief Society Magazine

Edith G. Baum

Here are some requirements that help to make a good saleswoman:

1. Initiative
2. Imagination
3. Helpfulness
4. A selling attitude
5. Capacity to learn
6. Ability to take criticism
7. Neatness
8. Good manners
9. Faith and prayer

Initiative is the mainspring from which all sales' blessings flow—the person who has the most initiative or "drive" makes the most sales. Initiative can be acquired by setting goals for oneself. Set goals that you intend to reach.

Imagination can help put you in your customers' shoes—it will make her problems your problems—and because they are your problems, will force you into more energetic, helpful ways of solving them and making a sale.

Helpfulness—A real sales personality is a helpful personality. A saleswoman likes other people, likes to be around them, likes to help do things for them. She is sincere in her interests, and people with whom she comes in contact feel it at once, and usually respond. She is tactful and knows how to say something that will bring pleasure to others.

A selling attitude is the optimistic attitude—a self-confidence and belief in one's own capacities. Our thoughts can determine our attitudes.

Capacity to learn is important. The saleswoman learns as much from the prospect, in many cases, as the prospect learns from her. One can learn as much from the sale that didn't happen as from the one which was successful. Get in the habit of reviewing the sales you did not make, as well as the ones that were secured. You can learn much from both—why you succeeded, or why you failed.

Ability to take criticism is difficult to learn. It is easy to carry on when you've just closed an order, but what about the canceled orders? Do you let them wreck your whole day or week, and say, "What's the use?" A professional will always say, after a bad day, "Tomorrow is another selling day, and tomorrow I'll be a better saleswoman than I was today."

Neatness is an admirable quality. What do you do when you are expecting company in your home? You see that your house is clean, everything is in its place, food prepared. You make it a point to be neatly dressed, and as your guests arrive, you greet them warmly and put them at ease. With the same diligence, you will want to put your best foot forward when you meet prospective customers, and you should consider your appearance, manners, and attitude. Good personal appearance isn't so much a matter of an attractive face and figure as it is the achievement of good taste and neatness.

Good manners is another worthwhile quality. Don't argue or interrupt. Pleasant smiles, courtesy, holding one's temper, taking suggestions willingly, enthusiasm—these are all important factors for good selling. To advise customers wisely, to give them confidence in your knowledge and judgment, you must know your merchandise. Be helpful in pointing out the many excellent features of the *Magazine*. Give your prospective customer the chance to handle it and examine it. Don't hurry her. Pay full attention to all the comments and inquiries that may be suggested.

And last, but not least, are *faith and prayer*. One must have faith in the work she is doing. And, as our leaders have told us, there must be an earnest desire for guidance, and an unquestioning confidence that prayer will be answered, for prayer is the key which will unlock the door to inspiration.

Don Knight

BEAR LAKE, ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO

Symphony for America

Leslie Savage Clark

Not words, but mighty symphonies,
Alone, can tell
Her crashing seas, Niagara's roar,
The rippling spell of Mississippi, Rio Grande,
Ontario.
The harp must catch the forest songs
Sierras know;
And violins, bee-like, repeat
Her orchards' hum;
For trails where settlers died there beats
A muffled drum.

Such splendor, such vast majesty
Cries out for all
The cymbals, horns, the sweep of strings—
The trumpets' call!

The Morning-Glory Horn

Nell Murbarger

GIVEN even a few minutes time, I could have listed a hundred more fascinating ways to have spent yesterday afternoon. But it wasn't for me to choose. I was Aunt Susan's guest; and because I wouldn't hurt Aunt Sue for all the world, we had sat for an hour working our way painfully through her old family photograph album—past faded tintypes and dog-eared portraits of grim-visaged great uncles and aunts, remembered but dimly, and distant cousins remembered not at all.

We were about two-thirds through the album, when the turning of yet another brittle page brought a sudden glad cry to my lips, and an odd tightening pressed into my throat!

The half-forgotten picture that claimed my attention had not been a very good photo, even when it was made; and now, in addition to being slightly tipped and a trifle out of focus, it was also faded and yellowed. Tired old pictures, however, should never be judged with the coldly critical eye of the photography expert, but, instead, with the warm cockles of the heart.

And because that was how I was judging this old picture, everything I was seeing there was good!

Looking on its scarred, dim face, I was living again in the front yard of the homestead shanty where I had been born and had grown to young womanhood. Freshly starched and ruffled and hair-ribboned, I was seeing myself under a summer "bowery" covered with wild cucumber vines and sweet peas; and beside me stood my baby cousin, Dick, in embroidered rompers and a Buster Brown hair bob. We both looked unbelievably young and incredibly happy . . . and each of us had an ear pressed closely to the mouth of a great fluted horn.

It was the sight of that morning-glory horn that sent my thoughts whirling down memory's trail.

SETTLERS were few and far between in our section of the Great Plains, and no one living anywhere near to us was musically talented. Thus it was that the only music I had known as a small child had been the song of meadowlarks and buntings, the ceaseless whispering of the wind as it ran its fingers through the prairie grass, and the mellow old church tunes mother hummed as she hurried about her work.

I wouldn't say I had known an actual hungering for music, but I often had wondered about the instruments of which I read in my books. How did a bugle sound? A pipe organ? What was there about the strains of a violin that could make one cry, as mother said? I didn't know . . . for I had never heard one played.

All this was changed the autumn I was eight years old.

Father had taken a shipment of cattle to Omaha, and on his return

had brought with him a strange, varnished box, outfitted with wondrously gleaming machinery and a bright red-and-gold fluted horn . . . a horn shaped like a giant morning glory.

Neither mother nor I, nor any of our homesteading neighbors had ever before seen a "graphophone," as father said this new instrument was known.

Along with the player, he had brought home a dozen short, cylindrical records, moulded of black wax, and so fragile each must be stored in its individual, cotton-lined box—a box, incidentally, that bore on its side the photo of a kindly looking man and the signature, "Thos. A. Edison."

What a matchless thrill we knew the first time we played through our repertoire of records! Some of the little black cylinders carried love songs mother and father had known in those misty other days, when they had lived in an eastern city, and there wasn't any homestead, and I wasn't even born. Whenever one of these songs began playing, mother would look at father and smile. A happy light would spring into her eyes and, sometimes, I would see her reach for father's hand . . . .

As there was no other graphophone anywhere in that part of the country, ours became a great curiosity. Other homesteaders and their families drove miles across the prairie to hear it; cowboys, riding their saddle horses to or from town, would detour down our lane for a look at the "music box."

On such occasions, the little graphophone would be brought forth from the bedroom. Its hand-crocheted scarf would be removed and folded and put aside; its lid—which fastened with a small brass key—would be unlocked and laid back. With great ceremony, the red-and-gold morning-glory horn would be fastened in place, and the crank turned slowly and carefully, lest the all-important mainspring be broken. After all these dramatic preliminaries by the grownups, an excited little pig-tailed hostess would be permitted to select and play a few cherished records for the edification and amazement of our visitors.

Friends who had "been around," might tell of having heard such music at the World's Fair in St. Louis, or at Toronto, or New York. But there, they generally would add, the only manner in which the music might be heard was by fitting plugs into the ears.

"This machine of yours is ever so much nicer," they would say.

All of which confirmed my belief that ours, indeed, was the most marvelous of all marvelous instruments!

THROUGH the long winter evenings, with the prairie wind wailing across the coulees and tugging at the windows, and coyotes howling in the dark coldness beyond, we would play our little twelve-record concert—over and over again—until I had committed to memory every lyric, every note, every song.

There were other evenings, in spring and summer and early autumn, when mother and father and I would gather in the vine-covered bowery, in the front yard of our

homestead shanty; and there, in the soft dusk, with the fragrance of gumbo lilies and wild cucumber blossoms hanging heavily in the air, we would listen to the strains of "Humoresque" or "The Bells of St. Malo." Mingled with our beloved music would be the soft stirring of cows and horses in the barnyard, the comfortable sound of chickens settling themselves to roost, the last sleepy calls of killdeers and curlews from around the stock dam in the draw, and the first lonely notes of frogs and crickets and night-flying swifts and billy owls.

For the close of our concert under prairie stars, we always reserved that loveliest of lovely songs, *The End of a Perfect Day*.

All this came flooding back to me as I gazed at the photo in Aunt Sue's old album — the fading snapshot of a wild cucumber bowery, and Dick and me, and the morning-glory horn.

I have often wondered if Thomas Edison ever realized what joy and pleasure his little invention brought to a pre-radio, pre-motion picture, pre-television era . . . particularly to those of us who lived in earth's forgotten corners, far removed from concert hall and stage.

Hills

Francelia Goddard

I need hills to yield me comfort,
Hills to offer resting-place.
I need hills to keep me vibrant,
Hills to change my mood and pace.

Only let my eyes behold them;
With my feet I need not climb.
If the land sweeps up toward heaven,
Then my soul will rise sublime.

The Meadow

Thelma Ireland

I look out on the meadow,
A strip of verdant green
Framed by a fringe of mountains
With little streams between.
Scattered through the meadow
Are willows here and there
Bending over brooklets
With tender, gentle care.
Yonder is the desert,
A drab and barren scene,
But I can't see the desert
For looking at the green.

Blue River

Ethel Jacobson

Through what slow and patient centuries
It carved its winding bed
Between ancient cliffs of limestone
Where these tumbling waters led.
Here the bighorn drinks at evening,
And the swifts dart and are gone
In the tamarisk's blue shadows
Where the bluer stream flows on.
And the stream flows ever bluer
Beyond gorge and bird and tree,
Speeding in sunlit ripples
To the wide and waiting sea—
To find what it was seeking,
This blue immensity.

ELIZABETH LEE BUTLER

Elizabeth Lee Butler Finds Hobbies Indoors and Outdoors

ELIZABETH Lee Butler, eighty years old, of Carmichael, California, "doesn't let any grass grow under her feet." To her, the world is wide and wonderful, and she finds hobbies both outdoors and indoors. In the photograph, she is shown after climbing to Glacier Lookout Point in Yosemite National Park. An ardent lover of nature and the beautiful land of America, she has recently traveled across the country by plane to "see more of the sights."

Mrs. Butler recently composed an excellent brief history of her home town, Panaca, Nevada, in honor of the ninetieth birthday of the community, which was settled by Francis Lee and his wife, Jane Vail Johnson Lee, and their large family of sons and daughters. In addition to this historical sketch, which was published in a local paper, Mrs. Butler has given valuable aid to the compilers of a history of Nevada, and has completed other valuable historical studies.

Familiarly known as "Sister Lizzie," Mrs. Butler has been a member of Relief Society for sixty-two years, having joined at the age of eighteen. She has served as Relief Society president in Panaca, Carson City, and Reno, Nevada. She now makes her home with her eldest daughter in Carmichael, California.

Mrs. Butler is the mother of six children, four of whom are still living; she is grandmother to fourteen and great-grandmother to ten.

Monday Song

Faye Gardner

The bright, warm sun,
The singing breeze,
And clean clothes on the line,

Fresh, brown bread,
And hearts at ease—
This kingdom all is mine.

First in My Heart

Maryhale Woolsey

CAREFULLY Vivian put her new taffeta formal on a ribbon-covered hanger and hung it on the closet door. Her "magic" dress, Loree called it, this lush purply-pink color that made her skin glow and her gray eyes look violet-toned, this wide, swishy skirt that whispered secrets around dancing feet! . . . But the "magic" she needed, was a different kind, she guessed; no dress was likely to help solve the problem weighting Vivian Mayson's mind and heart!

If anything, the dress had intensified the problem. For tonight, both Rick and Ted had been urgent, almost insistent, that she make a decision. And Vivian hadn't decided even in her own mind or heart.

"You *are* glad you bought it — now aren't you, Runtie?" Loree's affectionately teasing words made Vivian realize that she'd been standing there staring at the dress for minutes. She turned, to see her three-years-younger, three-inches-taller sister doing solo dance steps in front of the vanity mirror, her arms holding up, butterfly fashion, the incredibly full, pleated red net skirt of her party dress. She pirouetted, admired herself happily in the mirror, and looked again at Vivian.

"Come on, Runt! Let yourself go and say it!"

"Okay, Beanpole," Vivian retorted laughingly. What a darling child Loree was, for all her tallness and her serious, high-minded dreams and plans! "Of course I'm glad to have it."

Loree stopped dancing and gave Vivian a full-faced, stern look. "It was time you splurged on yourself, for once. You do without things too much, because of me."

"I do not!" Vivian said, from back in the closet. Emerging, she tossed a yellow-flowered nightgown onto the bed. "There's your nightie. Better shed that crimson costume of yours in favor of a little shut-eye, Hon. Not that I blame you—you look gorgeous."

"Ted said I looked like a queen tonight," Loree sighed rapturously, "That's something to remember—especially since he really had no eyes for anyone but you. Vivie, what are you going to do about Ted and Rick? I'm lucky having a sister to lend me a wonderful boyfriend like Ted Banks . . . . . You haven't answered my question, Vivie."

"Can't," Vivian said. "Don't know the answer myself. Any suggestions?"

"Sure." Loree, sitting on the edge of the bed, began rolling down a wispy nylon. "Tonight, I say take Ted. I'm not sure what I'll advise, tomorrow."

They both laughed at that, and Vivian said, "You see how it is! Not," she continued thoughtfully, "that it's any laughing matter. I certainly don't want to keep them dangling—how I hate the mental picture that word conjures up!" she

interpolated with a wry face, "but I simply can't seem to make up my mind."

"Nor your—heart?" Loree asked softly.

"Nor my heart," Vivian answered. "I only wish I could." She stared frowningly at the floor, half aware that Loree seemed about to say more but didn't, and was silently slipping into her gown.

AFTER they were in bed, lights out, and windows opened to a mild, lilac-scented night, Loree spoke suddenly in a small, hesitant voice: "Vivie — are you sure it's what you said — that you can't decide whether you care most for Ted or for Rick?"

"Why, Honey! Is that still bothering you?" Vivian asked. "Of course that's it. Wouldn't I tell you, and them — otherwise?"

"I'm not sure you — would. If it's on account of *me*—" Loree bounced up, sitting forward and agitatedly clasping her arms around bent-up knees. "Vivie, *don't* let it be on account of me, *please!*"

"Loree, you little—worrier!" Vivian pulled Loree back down and gently pulled the covers around her. "Lie still, Honey," she ordered cheerfully, "and get yourself to sleep."

"Sorry!" Loree murmured contritely. "I . . . ."

"It's not because of you, darling," Vivian went on earnestly. She put her arm around Loree's slim shoulder. "Sometimes, I think it must be *neither* Ted nor Rick, for me—since I can't bear the thought of hurting *either* of them."

"So," Loree suggested with fine logic, "you may decide to hurt both of them equally. That's a nice thought, of course."

"It is *not* a nice thought!" Vivian retorted. "Go to sleep now, and let's forget — Ted and Rick. For tonight, anyway."

"Okay. Just so you remember, you're not to let *me* be a reason you don't get married if you want to. Be honest with yourself, Vivie. That's so awfully important!"

Vivian could feel Loree trembling in her urgency. "I will be," she promised. "I won't forget, Honey."

Long after Loree was quietly sleeping, Vivian lay awake, trying to sort out her tangled thoughts, review what seemed her unnatural emotions. It didn't seem quite normal, being unable to choose between two young men as fine as ever were rivals for a girl's love. It didn't seem right, either for their sakes or for her own, to continue in this uncertainty, drift in such indefinite directions . . . .

Could it be possible, she asked herself, that it *was* — Loree? In her determination to help Loree accomplish *her* objective, could she, Vivian, have set her mind so firmly on one goal that she was unable to feel other desires herself, to accept normal and natural — and desirable — developments? A one-track mind, she thought, might lead one into a lot of regrets.

They had become so close, she and Loree, in these three years since an accident had brought death to Mother and Daddy. The two girls had been left to face a world stripped of accustomed security and comfort; with pitifully small means, they'd had to rearrange their lives as best they could.

Fortunately, Vivian was at that time nearly through business college and could look forward to a well-paid position within a few months; she felt confident of making a good living. But Loree, then fifteen, was desolate. She wanted sincerely, even passionately to be a teacher. "All the years it will take—why, it's impossible, Vivie!" she'd said, her eyes swollen and red from weeping, her lips unsteady. "I'll take a business course like you did . . . ."

"But that's impossible, darling," Vivie had pointed out. "Business college, business work, were what I *wanted*. With you, they'd be second choice and a mighty poor second, probably. You couldn't feel the same as I do about my kind of work. We'll get you through, Loree. You keep on thinking college, and let's not have any more silly talk about changing your plans. You'll be a wonderful teacher. It would be a crime to deprive our schools of your ability and ambition! See?"

It had been satisfying, heartwarming, to see the brightness come back into Loree's soft brown eyes, to hear the hope and enthusiasm return to her voice.

Through nights of weeping out their grief and loss into their pillows and in each other's arms, they had come slowly but surely on to a serenity and confidence for which Vivian was profoundly grateful. Prayer had helped, and friends' kindness, and they had come through. Now Vivian was a private secretary to the manager of a big transportation concern, earning a salary that kept her and Loree in reasonable comfort. Loree had worked summers and Saturdays, and even after she enrolled at the university they still managed to accumulate a small savings account, which added a sense of security.

But their plans hadn't allowed for a time when Vivian might fall in love and want to be married! Could that fact, Vivian asked herself over and over, have anything to do with her indecision, her uncertainty as to whether she was in love at all?

RICK Edwards and Ted Banks came into Vivian's life during Loree's final year in high school. Rick was the young cousin of Vivian's employer. "Be nice to the boss's relatives!" he suggested now and then, in fun. Rick was intelligent, clean, energetic, and he had brilliant prospects with his father's thriving advertising business. He was tall, dark, and lean, had clear blue eyes that darkened smokily when he was worried or troubled; he was thoughtful and affectionate—and he'd make a wonderful husband. He dated Vivian far ahead for important events.

Which left Ted Banks trailing along as a sort of runner-up, but nonetheless, persistent, loyal. Vivian had known Ted slightly, for years; but they had never dated until after they discovered they'd been talking to each other on their business phones occasionally, without knowing that "Banks" was Ted and "Miss Mayson" the Vivian he'd "admired from afar" — as he said it — for a long time. "When you said 'Miss Mayson' I spelled you in my mind like a bricklayer!" he confessed. "Darned if I don't owe you

a treat, for that. How about letting me take you to lunch?"

TED was fun, in some ways more fun than Rick, to be with. He was an industrial chemist in a new modern laboratory, loved his work, "Though I don't expect to be spectacular nor to get rich!" he told Vivian, "so I'm continuing to be happy inexpensively. My folks are pretty good at it, so I know it can be done." His high spirits and enthusiasm were contagious, making Vivian find her world, too, brighter and more exciting. Ted was ash-blond and hazel-eyed, neither as tall nor as good looking as Rick—who often said, with mock indignation, that he was not flattered by having Ted Banks for a rival!

They had known each other fairly well, having shared classes at the "U" and taken their degrees the same year. Being rivals for Vivian's affections hadn't made them enemies; often the three of them would go picnicking together, or attend a movie, or spend an evening at the Mayson girls' apartment, listening to new records Rick and Ted would bring, or playing games, with Loree making a fourth player. And the four of them frequently went to church together. They always had good times, though there was no underestimating Ted's and Rick's serious intentions concerning Vivian, knowing that one of them, sooner or later, must be a loser.

Somehow, it appeared that the loser would be Ted. Rick had a sureness about him, a self-confidence —the thing men call aggressiveness and value highly — which Ted seemed to lack.

"Rick's the go-getter," Loree had noted sagely. "He'll always get what he wants — including you, Vivie."

Sometimes Vivian thought that, too. Rick's self-assurance and protectiveness were so heart-easing, made her feel so safe and serene and contented, she'd want it to be that way always. Then she'd have a date with Ted, and find life so glorified and brightened that she'd want it to last forever!

It was, she told herself, most confusing — and frustrating. Only, of course, there wasn't any need for hurry. She'd wait, let things drift, until sometime there would be a sign to guide her . . . something that would help her know her heart, when the time came.

But tonight, the time had suddenly seemed at hand. Rick had practically given her an ultimatum. And Ted had surprised her by taking Loree to the Treasure Club's Maytime Ball.

Rick had, as usual, dated Vivian for the Maytime Ball, weeks in advance. Ted, at that time, had expected to be away.

Loree had been amazed when Ted had asked her to go.

She'd accepted, of course — thrilled. "But knowing, of course," she told Vivian later, "that I'm strictly a substitute for you. Ted knows I won't be hurt or jealous if his eyes follow you all over the place. Who but Ted would bother to take *me*?"

"This calls for a new dress," Vivian had said. "I've almost decided on a blue lace at The Mode. We'll find one for you, too."

But when they went shopping,

Loree had discovered the purply-pink taffeta which transformed Vivian into a dream-girl. It cost twice as much as the blue lace, but Loree had insisted on Vivian's buying it.

Vivian had given in, finally, somewhat shocked to discover how her little sister was growing up, beginning to show a mind of her own. There was something symbolic about Loree's determination that Vivian should have this "magic dress . . . ."

VIVIAN had discovered something else, this evening: A Rick she had not previously known. An impatient, all at once insistent Rick who had come to a place in his life where getting married was something he wanted right away. He had told her that, as they sat in his car before saying good night.

"Why can't you give me an answer, Vivie? Look—we've been going together nearly two years; we know each other pretty well. So I'm not trying to rush you."

"Of course you're not, Rick."

"Well—don't you *love* me?"

"I don't know, Rick. I *like* you —oh, tremendously! But — love — truly, I don't know," she had said pleadingly, asking herself, what is it I expect of love? Why can't I tell if it's love I have for him?

"Do you love — Ted, then?" Rick demanded.

And again Vivian could only say, helplessly, "I don't know. Something must be wrong with me, I guess. I *ought* to be able to make up my mind."

"I sure wish you would, darling. Look — if it's because of Loree needing you, well, that's no obstacle. I'm making plenty of what it takes; I'd take care of Loree all right."

At that moment Vivian could almost have said, "Yes, Rick" — and felt secure and glad. Then she'd thought of Ted, what it would mean to him, and how he'd not be around any more . . . and she said to Rick, shakily, "Oh, I just don't know what to say!"

"I can't make you out, Viv." He got out and came around to open the car door for her. As they went up the walk he suddenly stopped and grasped her two arms in his hands, firmly. "Look—maybe what you need is a deadline, a time for a decision. Maybe if I say I must have an answer in a week, maybe then you'd have it. How about it? Say, a week from tonight? I won't see you until then. No phone calls, either. Just get that answer all shaped up," and he turned and left her.

Vivian, standing at the elevator, remembering the smoky blue eyes and the firm lips, tried to imagine what it would be like, looking at Rick over the breakfast table for years and years of mornings . . . .

In the apartment, Loree and Ted were waiting for her. "Your Old Faithful," Loree said, "wants to tell you goodnight, Runt. So I let him stay. I'll do a vanishing-act. Thanks Ted, again, for a wonderful, wonderful evening!"

Bright, slim, lovely, she dance-stepped away into the little hall, bedroomward.

"She's a cute kid!" Ted said. "Sharp. And she's got my number, all right—'Old Faithful' for sure! I suppose — our Wednesday date goes, Vivie?"

"Of course," she assured him. Her eyes searched his; she thought his arms moved a little as if they'd meant to take her but hesitated.

Suddenly — "Vivie, you *have* to be my girl!" he exclaimed. "I wish— darling, *I need to know!* I can't . . ." he broke off, as if he'd been about to say something he couldn't bear to think about.

AGAIN, Vivian had to say, "I don't know, myself, Ted. I don't know why, but that's how it is." Her voice trembled; she felt near tears. It was just too much, she guessed, that both of them should speak this way to her, tonight.

"Well — see you Wednesday!" Ted's smile seemed to cause a little crinkly, ruffling edge around her heart. She tried to remember if Rick's smile had ever done that to her.

Ted . . . Rick . . . Loree. No matter what I decide, she thought, I have to hurt two of them! I wish— I *wish* . . . .

What did she wish, really?

Beside her, Loree stirred and sighed in her sleep. Vivian's heart swelled, loving her, and remembering the sweet, young-old wisdom with which she'd said, "*Be honest with yourself,* Vivie!" She had promised . . . .

And now, suddenly, the words seemed to hold her, suggesting a special meaning. Vivian let her thoughts grope — what do I most truly *want* to do? And presently the answer came: I want to be with Loree, for now. I want us to be a *family*, until she's on her own. She wouldn't be happy, having a brother-in-law provide for her; she'd feel an imposed outsider, not really belonging. I want her to feel she does belong, Vivian told herself. That means us—Loree and me, belonging together, for awhile yet. It's truly the most important thing to me . . . .

Why, that's it! She almost cried the words aloud. Loree is *first* in my heart. That being so, neither Ted nor Rick can be chosen. I hope I can make them understand, she thought, that it's what I really want —not something I feel a duty or obligation I'd prefer to be without . . . .

* * * * *

TED seemed to understand, she thought relievedly, when she told him Wednesday evening, finishing with, "I'm just not going to consider marriage for at least two years more. That's too long a time to ask you to wait, Ted."

"Yes, it is," Ted said slowly, his eyes meeting hers squarely, although the disappointment in them was plain and deep. "But it's what I'll be doing, I guess. There's only one thing will make me quit waiting around for you, Vivie—that you'd not be around to wait for . . . available, as we'd say." He pounded a sofa cushion, dejectedly.

Vivian's eyes were suddenly warm, brimming. "Ted," she said unsteadily, "that's a — *lovely* thing to say! I . . . ."

"Is it? I didn't mean to make you cry! Here, have a shoulder. At your service, if you'll make use of it," he said whimsically, yet tenderly.

It seemed she would "make use of it," for a few minutes. It seemed something had broken loose inside

her and started a torrent of tears . . . crazy! she thought . . . and at the same time, how sweet Ted is, holding me this way, comforting me!

Her sobs ceased abruptly when he said, "Maybe this is the way it has to be for awhile, Vivie darling. I'll be a shoulder for you to lean on, when you need it, however you need it." And when she sat suddenly upright so she could look into his face, he went on with, "Oh, I'll be sticking around, all right. Be dropping in most any time, if it's okay with you." He paused, and sighed. "Two years is a long time to wait, but it's better than forever, without you!"

Softly Vivian said, "Ted, you're—wonderful. I'm glad you feel that way—and—dropping in, any time, will be okay with me."

Telling Rick, was harder. In his hurt and disappointment, he interrupted her impatiently: "You've got a martyr complex, Viv. I've told you, I'll take care of Loree . . . ."

"It is not a martyr complex," Vivian told him. "It's what I most *want* to do." She repeated slowly, almost the same words she had used to tell Ted. "It isn't fair to ask you to wait that long."

Rick drew a long deep breath. His eyes were the darkest smoke-black she had ever seen them. "No," he said at last, "it isn't—fair. I'm twenty-six, and I want my own life, my own home, my—wife. I've wanted you, and I've tried hard to get you to see things my way and want to come along with me. But if you can put me off so definitely for two years or so—well, it seems pretty evident you don't love me, and the chances are you never will. Maybe I should do some looking around, elsewhere."

"Maybe you — should, Rick." The heaviness in Vivian's heart grew heavier, and cold. "I'm sorry . . . ."

He interrupted again. "Never mind being sorry. There's one thing I want to ask you, though. Are you giving Banks this same kind of runaround?"

A little spark of anger stirred in Vivian's heart. "I don't like that word, Rick. But I've already told Ted exactly the same thing I've told you."

"I apologize for the bad word, Vivie. Excuse it, please, on grounds of — shall we say — extreme pain and mental anguish?" Rick managed a grin. "I'll try to be a more cheerful loser."

"Excellent!" Vivian smiled. "Can't keep a good man down, you know. Oh, Rick — whatever you do, I'll always be wishing you the best of — everything. You've been wonderful — we've had such good times together, and it's wonderful that you should have wanted me . . . ." Strange words, she thought, to be saying to Rick! Already they seemed to suggest finality: ". . . that you should have wanted me . . . ." Not *that you want me* . . . .

He was holding out his hand to her, like a stranger already! Oh, how could things change so?

BUT when he had gone, she felt more relief than regret. He was hurt, yes; but not too badly. With Rick, it was having a home that was important, having — a wife. He'd

find someone, soon, probably, who would fill his need very well. But with Ted, it was Vivian who was most important. Why . . . .

Hey there! Vivian said to herself, you with the — fog in your eyes — and heart, isn't that the sign you needed to look for? You have it — after honestly looking into your heart, you could see the first step clear . . . and then, someone else could take one, and show you the one after that . . . .

All at once, everything was startlingly clear. Being honest with yourself, even if someone gets hurt has to be the first thing in your heart. Then, other things — and people — can fit in where they belong. Rick, taking my decision as he did, made his own next step, and now Ted . . . .

Blessed, darling Ted! She should have known it was Ted anyway, all the time. She had dreaded *hurting* Rick . . . but she had dreaded *losing* Ted! And Ted — wouldn't *get* lost. Glorious, glad certainty filled Vivie's heart. Ted's and Rick's different reactions had been the key she needed, had shown her how each felt about her. Oh, she was glad of the way things were turning out!

In the living room she stood by the telephone, wanting to call Ted and tell him. But she decided against it. She had a funny little wish to keep her discovery all to herself, just for a little while. Ted would be dropping in, most any time . . . and she'd like to see his face when she would be telling him.

Weeds

Ida Isaacson

Weeds have a beauty all their own,
Though we leave them quite alone.
Along the ditchbank or against the fence,
Weeds are arrayed with diffidence.
Wind-tossed, shaking, mud-mixed and bent—
Still, yes—still they are heaven sent.

Return

Catherine E. Berry

The house has been quiet too long,
My heart has been too still,
I could hear the wind in the willows,
The rain running over the hill.

Your voice had left every corner
Of each room, big and small,
I could feel the loneliness walking,
The sorrow that lurked in the hall.

But now you are home, beloved,
The house no longer grieves,
And the rain is a distant murmur,
Like the wind in the willow leaves.

Let Ironing Day Be a Pleasant Day for You

Rhea H. Gardner

Extension Service Home Management and Furnishings Specialist
Utah State Agricultural College

GOOD ironing can give that finished, new look to clothes we all love to see. How our clothes are ironed has its effect on our attitude toward and feelings about ourselves. A spotlessly clean and smoothly ironed article of clothing causes self-respect to rise. A dress with a scorched collar, puckered seams and hemline, wrinkled sleeves, or crooked pleats is devastating to one's morale.

Ease in ironing really starts when you buy your clothes and other articles. Give serious consideration to the amount of care needed to keep them looking new before buying.

The complete removal of soil during the washing process and a thorough rinsing are essential to beautifully ironed articles. You will save ironing time if you are careful in handling your clothes during the washing and wringing process. Shake out the wrinkles as much as possible and smooth the collars, cuffs and plackets when you hang dresses and shirts on the line. Hang clothes and household articles straight and pin them on the clothes line at the strongest part to prevent their being stretched out of shape while drying. If similar items are hung together, time can be saved when sorting, folding, and ironing. When removing clothes from the line, fold them lightly before placing them in the basket to prevent extra wrinkling.

Warm water for dampening lessens the time required for the clothes to stand before ironing. Use a bottle with a sprinkler top or a brush and pan of water for sprinkling. From two to three hours are generally needed for the moisture to become uniformly distributed and clothes ready to be ironed.

The best amount of dampness for ironing must be determined by the person who is to do the ironing. Too much dampness lengthens the ironing period and makes seams, collars and plackets more difficult to iron. With too little dampness, it is difficult to iron out the wrinkles. Sprinkle clothes uniformly, then *fold*, don't roll them.

Ironing is easier and takes less time if all the equipment needed is assembled and conveniently arranged before you start to iron. A square of asbestos placed at the wide end of the board to set the hot iron on when it is not in use is convenient and prevents much lifting of the iron. Place dampened clothes at convenient height, either by putting the clothes basket on a chair or by putting clothes in a basket on wheels. Have a clothes rack or table within arm's reach for the ironed clothes. A sponge or cloth in a pan of water and placed nearby will save steps when extra moisture is needed while ironing.

An ironing board that is at a comfortable working height helps to prevent the development of fatigue. There is no one right height for

IRONING EQUIPMENT ARRANGED FOR COMFORT AND EFFICIENCY

ironing boards. Women of the same body height may vary in other body proportions, thus making one ironing board height unsuitable for all.

If you have not already done so, learn to iron in both a sitting and a standing position. A change from standing to sitting will relax your muscles. For comfort, select an ironing board and chair that will permit you to sit with knees beneath the board, feet flat on the floor, and back straight and adequately supported. An ironing chair fitted with casters that permits easy movement will further add to the ease and comfort of ironing.

Adjustable height ironing boards are highly recommended. A range of thirty to thirty-eight inches for standing and twenty to twenty-five inches for sitting accommodates the needs of most folks. Good posture whether sitting or standing is never more important than when ironing. It minimizes strain on your neck, arms, and back. Women who iron on a board that is too low have a tendency to apply more pressure than is necessary. It is the reaction of heat and steam that removes wrinkles, not pressure on the iron.

A wide ironing board (20" by 54" long) that fits firmly over the regular board, saves time and energy and requires less handling of large pieces such as tablecloths, runners, shirts, and aprons.*

*An ironing board, about elbow height, is an energy saver when a wide board is placed on top of it. Ironing large flat pieces is easily done.

For instruction on how to make a wide ironing board get a copy of "Easier Ironing" from your Extension Service office. Single copies will be sent free to Utah residents by writing to Utah State Agricultural College at Logan, Utah.

Arrange articles in your basket or plastic bag so that those that require lowest temperatures are on top. This will make it possible for you to start ironing seconds after the iron begins to heat.

Take time to smooth each article before you begin to iron. It will save you time, make wrinkle-free ironing easier, and make it possible for you to use long, smooth strokes. Always iron with the straight of the grain of the material and you will not pull the article being ironed out of shape. When ironing skirts and dresses, begin with the hem and iron upward. Move the article away from you as you iron each part to avoid mussing it.

To prevent puckers, iron each part until it is dry. This is especially true where there is a double thickness of material as in collars, cuffs, hems, and seams. Iron parts that need to be ironed on both sides, first on the wrong side, then on the right, and you will not need to retouch the right side again.

If starch gets on the soleplate of your iron, you may remove it in one of the following ways, after first disconnecting the iron and giving it time to cool.

1. Rub with very fine steel wool or whiting (a fine scouring powder).

2. Wipe soleplate with cloth dampened with a whiting and ammonia mixture.

3. Rub the iron over waxpaper which has been sprinkled with salt.

4. Wipe soleplate with a damp, not wet, soapy cloth. Follow with a cloth wrung out of clear, warm water.

As a safety measure, connect your iron to a wall outlet. Never connect to a light socket or light-weight extension cord. They are not heavy enough safely to carry the load required. Let your iron cool in an upright position before putting it away. Make sure the cord does not touch the iron while it is hot.

Make your ironing time pleasant. It will become so if you develop good washing and ironing habits; equip yourself to do the job well; and cultivate the practice of thinking pleasant thoughts as you iron. Listen to beautiful music or memorize passages of scripture, or other choice bits that will enrich your soul. Regardless of how well you may be able to iron, do not be selfish. Share the task with your sons and daughters. They will thank you for it in their later years.

Enchanted Moment

Elizabeth Pew

Peace reigns in the nursery;
His Majesty's at rest,
A fat pink thumb suppressing
Declarations of protest.

Outside, my other rulers,
Momentarily tranquil,
Need neither judge nor comforter.
Temporarily it's still.

I hug the moment to me,
Storing peace and quiet
To wear around me as a shield
Against the usual riot.

Washing Blankets

Rhea H. Gardner

BEAUTIFUL, soft, fluffy wool blankets are the pride and joy of all who own them. They are their loveliest when they are perfectly clean. Homemakers who protect them from heavy soil act wisely. Don't postpone washing your blankets for fear you might ruin them. Safe home laundering of blankets is possible, in almost any kind of a washer that permits you to observe the following precautions when washing them:

1. Remove deep stains if there are any.

2. Fill your washer with lukewarm water (100°F.).

3. If water is hard and soap is used, add a mild water softener until water feels slightly slippery to the touch. Run washer until softener is dissolved.

4. Add enough soap or syndet to make a standing suds two inches high.

5. Put the blanket into the suds, pushing all parts under the surface of the water. Let soak 15 to 20 minutes, turning it once or twice by hand. *Do not turn your washer on.* Studies have proved that agitation while woolen articles are in the wash water is the main cause of wool felting and shrinking.

6 Remove soapy water from blanket by spinning or putting the blanket through a loose wringer.

7. Fill washer with lukewarm (100°F) water. Add about half as much water softener to the rinse water as you did the wash water. Soak blanket five minutes, turning the blanket once or twice. Drain off water. Repeat the rinsing process.

8. Spin or hand squeeze the water from the blanket. Never twist blanket as a means of forcing the water out.

9. If you have been working alone to this point, you will now need a helper to stretch the blanket. With each of you working on an opposite end or side, pull vigorously by moving the hands in unison across each end and down the sides.

10. Place blanket over two clotheslines that are a foot or more apart. Let about 12 inches hang over the outside edges of the two lines, with the bulk of the blanket hanging between them. A little breeze speeds the drying and fluffs the blanket. Rearrange blanket on clothesline two or three times as it dries so as to avoid deep markings of the lines.

11. Remove blanket from line when dried and brush with a metal toothed or a stiff nylon brush.

12. Press bindings with a warm iron.

Woolens may now be moth-proofed during the washing process. The liquid known as "EQ-53" may be added to either the wash water or the rinse. Follow directions on the container for amount to use and when to add it to the wash water. Blankets, when dried, are odorless and remain mothproof until rewashed.

A Good Day

Margaret Hardy

I am proud of myself today. I could have heard some gossip about a neighbor, but I didn't. I am proud of my friend, too. She was in possession of this spicy bit, but didn't tell me about it. It was hard on both of us, her knowing, and my wanting to know.

We were talking, this friend and I, and our neighbor's name was mentioned. My friend looked at me a bit quizzically and asked me if I liked her. I said that I did, very much.

"Oh," she said, "I used to, but I don't know, now. I saw something the other day . . . ."

I waited for her to go on, but she didn't. She was waiting for me to ask, but I didn't ask. So we both just stood there, and didn't say anything at all.

I was curious about what she had seen, and could scarcely keep from asking. I weighed in my mind whether anything she could tell me would discolor my feelings for this neighbor. I decided that I would like her just as much no matter what my friend said. But I knew that what I heard now would come into my mind when I saw her again.

I don't know what went on in my friend's mind, but she must have struggled hard, for she loved to talk.

And so we took our leave of each other.

Later that day I met my good neighbor, for whom I still felt the same affection because I hadn't listened to some gossip about her. I was happy that there was nothing unfavorable to her to pop into my mind.

Yes, I am proud of myself, and of my friend, too.

Familiar Note

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I have been stirred by music loosed in voice:
One high, discordant, one that drawls and drones,
One vibrant and so deep the ear rejoices
In organ richness of the undertones.

One lifts and lilts with overtones of gladness,
The laughter-throated resonance of love;
Another throbs with depths of hidden sadness,
Haunting and lonely as the grieving dove.

When we are parted you will leave behind you
Your unforgettable, familiar note.
Alone among your poems I shall find you
Voicing the words caught tight within my throat.

Green Willows

Chapter 5

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Lillian and her friend Patricia are very much interested in the affairs of Pat's three unmarried aunts: Agnes, Margaret, and Karen. The two older sisters are schoolteachers, and Karen was making preparations to follow the same profession—before John Alder came to Green Willows to direct the summer theater. Margaret had once been in love with her neighbor, Dr. Turner, before he married someone else. He is now a widower, with a young son, Philip, and he and Margaret become friends again.

THE play was delightful beyond our expectations. It was like magic with the people acting right on the stage in front of you making another world for us to laugh in and enjoy. It was better than all the movies we'd ever seen, we decided. I think Margaret and Dr. Turner enjoyed it, too, because they looked so happy all the time. After the play was over, we went back stage to see Karen and John Alder.

"Karen could ride home with us," Pat suggested.

"Well, I think maybe John will want to take her home," Dr. Tanner said.

"It's Karen's birthday tomorrow," Margaret said. "We're having a small family dinner for her, so you must not let anything happen to anyone in Green Willows from seven until nine tomorrow evening, Mark."

"I'll do my best." Dr. Turner smiled at Margaret.

Pat and I had bought handkerchiefs for Karen earlier in the week. Now we wished we had selected something more glamorous. Just then John Alder broke away from a number of people who were congratulating him and the stars of the play and made his way over to us.

"Karen's downstairs helping some of the actors check in the costumes, since this is the last night for this play. She's turning into something very indispensable around here."

Margaret laughed. "She's doing my work, I suppose. I feel terrible about flunking out so many evenings."

"That's all right," John said. "We know how it is. You'll just have to share your checks with Karen." He smiled as he shook Dr. Turner's hand.

We didn't wait for Karen because John insisted he'd bring her home. It was very exciting to go backstage and see the actors after the play, but we finally had to go. We were getting sleepy, but not too sleepy to enjoy the malted milks Dr. Turner bought us on the way home.

Dr. Turner walked us to our front door leaving Phil curled up on the seat. "I'll have to hurry or he'll be asleep before I get back," Dr. Turner said. He unlocked the front door of the Diffendorf house, and Pat and I stepped inside. There was a light burning in the hall.

"I must go right in," we heard Margaret say.

"I know," Dr. Turner said, and he slipped the screen door open for

Margaret. But after she was in, they stood looking at each other for a moment. "Goodnight," Margaret whispered.

Pat and I went up the stairs, and, in a second, Margaret followed.

When we were in our pajamas and in bed, Margaret came in to say goodnight. We whispered about the play for a few minutes, laughing over the many funny situations. We hated Margaret to go. She looked like a real princess in her long robe, standing so slim in the moonlight from our windows.

"I really must go to bed," Margaret said, "or I won't be a bit of help tomorrow. We want to make Karen's birthday a very nice one."

A car sounded on the gravel in front of the gate below us. "There's Karen now," Margaret said.

We were still whispering and laughing about the play when Karen came up the stairs.

"Margaret," Karen called softly outside our door. "Margaret?" Margaret went to the door.

"We're in here, Karen, giggling over the play. The girls are just going to sleep." Pat sat up in bed. "But I'm not a bit sleepy. Karen, what are you going to get for your birthday?"

"Lots of surprises, I expect," said Margaret.

KAREN took Margaret's hand. "Margaret, would you be surprised if I told you I know . . . . I've had a preview of one present I'm going to accept tomorrow . . . ."

"No," said Margaret. "It's no surprise, and Agnes will be as pleased as everyone." She kissed Karen on both cheeks.

"Oh, I'm so relieved to have it out at last," Karen said. "I was so afraid everyone would think I was unappreciative of all the family has done for me, especially Agnes. Of course, I'm going to teach this next year in order to pay back Agnes. I've already signed the contract, but in the spring . . . ." She lifted her head and looked at Margaret. "Oh, Margaret, if it could only happen to you."

"What?" Pat was saying, "What?"

Agnes called from down the hall. "What is going on in the middle of the night? Go to sleep everyone at once."

Margaret and Karen scurried out of our room and disappeared down the hall. Pat looked at me, and I looked back. The feather tick was wonderfully soft to sleep on. We promptly rolled toward the middle, sank almost out of sight, and fell asleep.

We woke in the morning to sunlight in our faces. For a minute we hardly knew where we were, and then we rolled to the sides of our bed and sat up.

"I don't hear a sound," said Pat. "Do you think everyone's gone away?"

I slipped on my house slippers and robe. I couldn't hear anything either. We went down to the bathroom and washed our faces. Karen's door was closed, but Margaret's was open. Her bed had been neatly made and the room was empty. We dressed, made our bed, and went downstairs to breakfast. Agnes and Margaret, wearing big white aprons, were in the kitchen.

"Shshsh," said Margaret. "It's the birthday cake. All finished now ex-

ept the final layer and the rest of he frosting and decorating."

Agnes handed us a pan, and we craped out the remains of the yelow filling. It was delicious.

"Your breakfast is all on the table. f the toast is too cold for you, you an make fresh. We had to get his cake taken care of before Karen ame down. It wouldn't do to have ner working on her own birthday cake."

Agnes smoothed the frosting quickly with a silver knife. Pat and I sat down to breakfast. We ate cold cereal, but the eggs were warm under cover, and the bacon still crisp. It was fun eating at the table, watching Agnes and Margaret make rosebuds around the top of Karen's cake. Finally, the cake was called completed. Margaret climbed to the top of the stool where Agnes handed her the cake. She slid it up into the top of one of the big ivory-painted cupboards.

"It really looks lovely, Agnes," Margaret remarked.

"You did as much on it as I," Agnes said brusquely. "Anything else for you, girls?"

WE said, "No thank you," and asked what we could do to help. Agnes got us each a dusting cloth, and we went to work on the three large front rooms downstairs. It was much more fun dusting this house, because the things were new to us. It's no fun to dust at our homes where every stroke is so familiar that we could do it with our eyes shut. I followed the little carved arms of the green satin love seat. We argued about who was going to dust the upside-down glass that held imitation red roses and the ship in the library. Finally, we had to admit that we were through. Agnes came in to look things over and said that we had done a remarkable job. Then she insisted we go out to play.

Outside, the sun was hot for the middle of the morning. We stood by the front gate and looked toward Turner's yard. Dr. Turner's car was gone, and we could see no sign of Philip. We sat for awhile together in the swing under the big tree. We pushed ourselves slowly back and forth.

When it was nearly noon, Karen came out and said that she was going downtown. "I'll not be gone more than an hour. Is there anything I can bring you girls?"

"No thank you," we said. We watched her back the car slowly out of the long Diffendorf driveway and go down the hill.

Margaret leaned out of an upstairs window. She had a dustcap on her head. "Are you getting hungry, girls? I'll start lunch in fifteen minutes if you're not too starved."

"We're fine," we said. Margaret pulled her head back in, and the lace curtain fell into place. A car stopped in front of the house. Pat and I stopped swinging. Jens Olesen, short of breath from struggling to get out of his car, opened the gate and came up the path. "Hello," we said to the postmaster. He stopped short and looked at us disapprovingly.

"I've got a telegram here," he said. "Come all the way myself. Ed's looking after the postoffice alone."

"Who's the telegram for?" Pat asked.

"Karen," said Jens walking up the path toward the house.

"She's not home," Pat called.

"Well, I'll just leave it with Agnes then," and he disappeared around the house. He was going around to the back door we decided. He reappeared in a few minutes. "I left it with Agnes," he said. He got back in his car and turned the motor over several times before it started. We watched him turn around very slowly and go back down the hill. We went in to lunch.

"Did Mr. Olesen bring a telegram?" we asked Pat's Aunt Agnes. "Has anything happened?"

"Of course not," Agnes said. "Just congratulations on her birthday from some of her friends. I looked at it to make sure it wasn't something I should try to locate her about downtown."

MARGARET was cutting sandwiches, and we went over to help. We all sat down together for lunch. Cold lemonade, salad, and sandwiches seemed delicious. We had cookies and jello for dessert.

"Who is coming for dinner?" Pat asked her Aunt Margaret.

"Well, it started out to be just us at home, but we decided to call your mother and father, Pat . . . ."

"Oh, will they make us go back with them tonight?" Pat moaned.

"No," Margaret laughed. "You can stay until tomorrow, though it must be dull for you here."

"No, it isn't, not a bit," we assured Margaret.

"And John Alder is coming and Dr. Turner and the leading actor and actress from the play that's current at the summer theater—Aleta Nicholes and Tony Gilbert."

"Really?" we breathed.

"Oh, they won't be able to stay very long. Their schedule is very rigorous, you know. They have to go into a play with just a few days' rehearsal, and then they have other commitments." Margaret began clearing the plates.

"In a little while you can come in and begin setting the table," Agnes said. "The roast is already in, and we've just got the vegetables and salad to do this afternoon. You have to do the dressing for the salad, Margaret, since you're the expert there."

Margaret nodded. "I guess I'd better leave some of these things on the table for Karen. She'll probably be starved when she gets back. I wonder what's keeping her?"

"She was going to get her hair done," Agnes said, "and pick up nuts for me and one or two other things. She'll be along. You girls can put the presents on the table after you get it set. The candles are on the sideboard."

We could hardly contain our excitement. The afternoon passed all too slowly and then speeded up all too quickly. Karen came back and raced through her bath. Margaret seemed to take forever dressing, because we were waiting for her to help us place the presents. Margaret's hair was soft and light-colored. She wore a yellow linen dress and sandals. Karen's hair was darker, and she wore a blue cotton dress with a full skirt that swirled

when she walked. Her arms looked very brown. No actresses could look any prettier than Margaret and Karen did, we thought. Agnes came down in a brown seersucker suit and the same shoes she wore winter or summer.

"This is an unusual summer, girls," Agnes said. She smiled at us. "You did a fine job with the table and the presents."

"I like this house," I said. The lightest of breezes stirred the curtains.

"I'm glad you do," Agnes said. "It is a house to appreciate. From its windows you can see most all of Green Willows stretching out to the mountains, and there's Highway Six threading away to Orchard City. There's the white porches of our church just beyond Center Street and Patterson's garage beyond that. Green Willows to me is a positive approach to life . . . ." She stopped abruptly. Absent-mindedly she tested for dust on the top of a huge seashell on the whatnot shelf. "You girls have a good attitude," she said turning on her heel and going after the dust cloth. "We must always keep cheerful," she flung over her shoulder.

THE birthday dinner for Karen was wonderful. Meeting a real actress from Broadway was wonderful also. Aleta Nichols wore her black hair perfectly straight. "How quaint," she said about everything or, "I love that, I really do!" But Pat and I hung on every syllable, and thought Tony Gilbert wonderful, too, though he was older than we had thought. Karen set her presents on the sideboard to open later. After Miss Nicholes and Mr. Gilbert had rushed away to a rehearsal, she opened them one by one, thanking us with hugs and smiles.

"I'd better open yours," she said to John. "You don't want to miss too much of the rehearsal."

"They understand about my delay tonight." John smiled. "This really isn't a surprise for Karen. I gave her a preview last night, but it may be a little surprise to some of you."

Karen opened the satin and velvet lined box that held the diamond engagement ring. John slipped it on her finger and kissed her very lightly on the nose. Agnes stood up and came very slowly to Karen and kissed her gently on both cheeks, and so did Margaret. We hugged her, and Dr. Turner kissed her on the forehead. Then John had to go. Karen went hand in hand with him to the front door.

Pat sat down on the sofa in the parlor. "I feel terrible," she said to me.

"You do?" I asked in astonishment.

"Physically, I mean. It hurts to swallow. My neck hurts."

"Does it hurt there?" I touched just below her ears on both sides of her head.

"Ow," she yelped. We looked at each other. Pat began to groan.

Her mother and father helped me pack our things. We went home without even waiting to help with the dishes.

(*To be concluded*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and in the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photographs submitted by Ruth Mae Witt

WASATCH STAKE (UTAH), MIDWAY FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE A ONE-HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS, AND HEBER THIRD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS MAKE A ONE-HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS

Upper Photograph—Midway First Ward

Front row, left to right: Jennie Johnson (former president); Glenna Ivers; Ada Bonner; Emily Coleman (former president); Melvina Wootton; Jean Alder; Bertha Wilson; Nancy Haueter; Cordelia Luke; Lorna Van Wagoner, present President.

Second row left to right: Olive Kinsey; Fawn Johnson; Viola Kuhni; Francis Sizemore; Ruth Pyper; Idella Hair; Mildred Larsen.

Third row, left to right: Charlotte Van Wagoner; Orpha Casper; Alice Bronson; Lois Bonner; Lelia Epperson; Lily Wardell; Dora Draper.

Fourth row: Nola Boren; Ruby Boss; Ann Eliza Carlile; Belva Luke; Agnes Luke; Nellie North; Shirley Chatwin; Stella Kohler; Lavaun Bowden; Elsie Kohler; Vera Reed; Mary Probst; Phyllis Kohler.

Fifth row: Zelma Beuhler; Yoma Michie; Martha Joost; Fay Giles; Alta Meeks; Iva Don Remund; Elfreda Remund.

Violet Simmons, Dorothy Kohler, and Martha Burgi were not present when the photograph was taken.

Jennie Johnson, former president, Midway First Ward Relief Society, reports that the above picture is a representative group of visiting teachers of that ward who have helped to establish and maintain a remarkable record. "When Sister Emily Coleman was sustained as president, the sisters set as their goal a one-hundred per cent record for the year. For seven years, in the face of untold reverses, they worked for this achievement. The ward is a rural community, and the families somewhat scattered, some being almost isolated. At certain seasons of the year the roads are practically impassable, and the sisters at times had to depend only on horse or foot power to reach their destinations. Finally, in 1913, they were able to establish their hoped-for record. They never again relaxed their standard, and those who followed them in leadership accepted this standard as a sacred trust. Thus, under the guidance of Presidents Mary A. Johnson (deceased), Celeste Van Wagoner, Jennie P. Johnson, and the present President Lorna Van Wagoner, and their faithful co-workers, this record of faithful service has been maintained. They not only established the record for the books, but have faithfully performed the service of carrying the gospel message to the homes and bringing many to activity in the Church. Many of the sisters who helped to establish and maintain this record are now deceased, but the daughters, granddaughters, and, in some cases, the great-granddaughters of these noble women faithfully carry on the work."

Lower Photograph—Heber Third Ward

Front row, seated, left to right: Elma Tadd, President; Josie Bronson, First Counselor; Vera Anderson, Second Counselor; Mae Calderwood, Secretary-Treasurer; Sarah Kendall, visiting teacher message leader; Margaret Callister, former *Magazine* representative.

Second row, seated, left to right: Ida Watkins; Violet Rasband; Sarah Carroll; Ethel Johnson; Ethelwin Spencer; Fern Prescott; Bessie Hicken; Amanda Edler.

Back row, standing, left to right: Verna Walker; Sadie Clegg; Margaret Pierce; Alice Thacker; Venola Cowley; Cleo Rasband; Leona Murdock; Ruby Hicken; Catherine Rasband; Gladys Lawton; Alice Adair; Lola Berg; Agnes Wallace; Amy Nunley; Priscilla Mendenhall; Thelma Wootton; Fern Wright; Luella Fitzgerald; Lola Jones.

Ruth Mae Witt, President, Wasatch Stake Relief Society, reports the way in which this outstanding record was initiated: "It all began when Sophia Elizabeth Hicken was president of the ward Relief Society. Anxious to raise the percentage, she asked her Counselor Elizabeth Wootton to make an effort in that direction. Sister Wootton encouraged the women until they reached the one-hundred per cent level for two years. Then, becoming President of the organization, Sister Wootton was able to encourage the sisters to maintain that perfect record through all of the many years of her service. Following Sister Wootton, each successive president, including Josephine Jones, Martha Blackley, Annie Smith, and Elma Tadd, has maintained this high goal, thus making a perfect record for the Heber Third Ward for thirty-four consecutive years. In the accompanying picture are the officers of the organization today and some of the visiting teachers who have helped to achieve this unique record."

Photograph submitted by Mildred P. Elggren

WESTERN STATES MISSION, GRAND JUNCTION NORTH BRANCH (COLORADO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT CHAPEL DEDICATION

Front row, seated, left to right: Clara May Willden; Ratchel Palmer; Leona Daniels, Secretary; Josephine Prinster, Second Counselor; Hazel Luster, President; Cleo Lamm, First Counselor; Wanda Haycock, chorister; Freida Bunnell, organist; Mary Cunningham.

Back row, standing, left to right: Dorthy Ormsby; Winnifred Thompson; Emily Pollard; Eunice Puckett; Betty Nourse; Beverly Phelan; Arva Allgood; Donna Lee; Laprele Larson; Lois Jex.

Estelle Orchard, Lanore Rowe, and Evelyn Brooks were absent when this photograph was taken.

The picture shows a part of the Relief Society room in the new chapel.

Mildred P. Elggren is president of Western States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Cleona W. Hedenstrom

OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), OGDEN THIRTEENTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR ONE YEAR

Front row, left to right: Carrie Potts, First Counselor; Ireta Evans, President; Rhea Edvalson, Second Counselor; Myrtle Taggart, Secretary-Treasurer.

Second row, left to right: Ora Livingston; Leota Burton; Edith Wilson; Maurine Rogers; Esther Mouby; Marguerite Cornford; Mabel Pettit; Greta Wheelwright; Rhoda Crawford; Emma Miller.

Third row: Anne Dunn; Dagmar Hipwell; Elda Nord; Nell Woodland; Leah Moffett; Lizzie Jensen; Ida Berlin; Bertha Foulger; Pearl McFarland; Clara Hinton.

Fourth row: Grace Hussey; Beatrice Moshier; Maxine Galbraith; Nellie Tolton; Rose Phillips; Rae Foulger, visiting teacher class leader; Kate Greaves; Hazel Stark; Myrtle Haven; Maude Hesse; Effie Fowler; Mina Oyler.

Seven visiting teachers were not present when this photograph was taken.

Cleona W. Hedenstrom, President, Ogden Stake Relief Society, reports that these visiting teachers are dependable, faithful, and conscientious. "They always leave a note for the sisters who are not home, giving them the objective and message of the lesson and inviting them to attend Relief Society meetings."

Photograph submitted by Josephine C. Crook

SANTAQUIN-TINTIC STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED FOR MANY YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Alice Ewell; Alice Jamison; Martha Butler; Jemima Kay; Bertha Dickenson; Elizabeth Sorensen; Lucille Johnson; Julia Palmer; Rebecca Jasperson; Harriet E. Barney.

Second row, standing, left to right: Lucy Clark; Eva Cook; Fern Johnson; Celestia Thompson; Mary Houghton; Cloe Greenhalgh; Wilma LeBaron; Gladys York; Letitia Davis; Jennie Peterson; Clora Holman; Margaret Carter; Vera Whitney; Anna Heelis.

Back row, seated, left to right: Harriet Hudson; Trilma Jarvis; Alta Talbot; Emma Wall; Ida Greenhalgh; Emma Fowler; Mildred Branagan; Sylvia Steck; Fern Horton; Eva Steele; Lola Nelson; Ella Sandstrom.

This picture was taken at a convention honoring the visiting teachers of the stake. Many of the sisters have served as visiting teachers over a long period of time, between twenty and fifty years. Leone G. Layton, member, general board of Relief Society, was guest speaker at this convention.

Josephine C. Crook is president of Santaquin-Tintic Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Nellie P. Smoot

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, TRI-CITIES BRANCH, ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS, RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 20, 1954

Left to right: Cleone Peterson, First Counselor; Grace Pierce, work meeting leader; Sallie Bartlett, Second Counselor.

Ira May C. Palmer is president of Tri-Cities Branch Relief Society, and Nettie P. Smoot is president of the Northern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mabel H. Pond

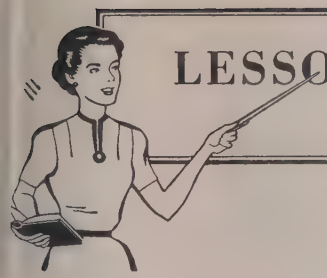
BENSON STAKE (UTAH), LEWISTON FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, seated, left to right: Rachel Blair Harrison (1922-28); Eliza Rawlins Kemp (1931-37); Verna Porter Hyer (1937-42).

Back row, standing, left to right: Marietta Pond Bergeson (1942-46); Leda Ashcroft Pond (1946-1949); Maud Peterson Hyer (1949-52); Seneth Hyer Thomson (1952-.....) present President.

Margaret McKnight Rogers, deceased, served as president from 1928 to 1931.

Mabel H. Pond is president of Benson Stake Relief Society.



LESSON DEPARTMENT

Teaching and Teaching Aids for the 1955–56 Lessons

Mildred B. Eyring
Member, General Board of Relief Society

"The Value and Use of Audio-Visual Aids in Relief Society"—Leone G. Layton, *Relief Society Magazine*, January 1953, page 27.

"Suggestions on Teaching Aids for 1953-54 Lessons"—Leone G. Layton, *Relief Society Magazine*, June 1953, page 418.

"Teaching Aids for 1954-55 Lessons"—Edith S. Elliott, *Relief Society Magazine*, June 1954, page 400.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

Give yourself 5 per cent for each correct answer. (The answers will be found in the articles listed above.)

1. What is teaching?
2. What is learning?
3. Which of the five senses is most effective in learning?
4. What is a teaching aid?
5. Name ten values of audio-visual aids.
6. Give five requirements of a good teaching aid.
7. When should a teaching aid be used?
8. What is a growing chart?
9. What is a hectograph?

10. What is an opaque projector?
11. Where can you get information about making the hectograph and projector?
12. What is meant by the term "tear sheet"?
13. Name ten items and equipment that can be used as audio-visual aids.
14. How can the objective of the lesson become a visual aid?
15. Why are geographical maps not recommended for Book of Mormon study?
16. Name three teaching aids which are recommended for the theology lessons in The Book of Mormon.
17. Name three teaching aids which are recommended for the social science lessons on the Constitution of the United States.
18. What audio-visual aids might be used in the lessons on the literature of England?
19. What audio-visual aids might be used in the work meeting lessons?
20. What audio-visual aids might be used by visiting teachers?

EACH year there are many new class leaders in Relief Society. It is important that they become acquainted with the entire program of the society as quickly as possible. To help them, and as a review by all the other workers also, this review of teaching aids is offered in question form. It would be profitable for all ward officers and class leaders to spend a portion of a preparation meeting making this review. Members of presidencies, secretaries, *Magazine* representatives, and music directors will discover that they, as well as class leaders, can make effective use of many of the suggestions in their various assignments.

Since teaching is helping other individuals understand and remember the material presented, and since learning depends upon the use of the five senses, it is natural that the most effective class leader will make use of as many of those senses as possible. We all know from experience that when a word is seen and heard at the same time it is learned more quickly and retained more permanently. The use of so-called teaching aids is a logical application of that principle. They are really an integral part of good teaching. If lessons are to be understood and remembered, they must be made understandable and memorable. Good teaching aids can help make them so.

Teaching aids, however, must be fitted to the particular teaching situation as carefully as glasses are fitted to the eyes, or hearing aids fitted to the ears. What is right for one situation may be quite wrong in a different one. The first requirement is a careful examination of the teaching situation: the class, the class leader, the subject, the building, and the facilities. With these factors clearly in mind, and knowing her objective, the class leader can proceed to make her lesson plans, including those teaching aids which will help her to accomplish her purpose.

The Sunday School uses visual aids extensively, and articles appear in almost every issue of the *Instructor*. Many helpful ideas will be

found there which can be adapted to Relief Society needs. Also many wards conduct teacher training classes. Untrained Relief Society class leaders could very profitably join those classes where they are available.

There are no new courses of study this year and no new textbooks. Occasionally, suggestions for teaching aids are given in the lessons. However, class leaders are expected to use suggestions given in previous years and plan aids to fit their particular situations in keeping with the standards of Relief Society.

The Deseret Book Company lists in their advertisement in this issue of the *Magazine* the Relief Society textbooks, and in the past has listed some visual aids. Bound volumes of the *Magazine* are available in wards, branches, and stakes, for use by those workers who do not have the issues of past years.

The proverb says: ". . . with all thy getting get understanding" (Proverbs 4:7). There is no place where this admonition is more fitting than in teaching. The successful class leader understands the needs, desires, and feelings of the members of her class, as well as the subject, and by her thoughtful planning she satisfies her group and herself.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Preview of Lessons for 1955-56

Elder Leland H. Monson

THE first lesson of this year's course of study gives a review of the Jaredite record and of the Nephite record to the Book of Helaman, and the remaining seven lessons continue the history of the Nephites to the time of Christ's personal ministry among them (Book of Helaman through 3 Nephi, chapter 14).

During the half century immediately preceding the appearance of Christ among the Nephites, there was a period of political and religious disintegration, a time in which the Nephite and Lamanite prophets called the people to repentance. Among these prophets were Helaman, Nephi, and Lehi, sons of Helaman, and Samuel the Lamanite. This last prophet, a Lamanite, gave to the people the signs which would precede the birth and the signs at the time of the crucifixion of the Savior on the Eastern Hemisphere.

After the remarkable signs were given, Christ did appear to the Nephites. He was introduced to them, as they were gathered around the temple in the land Bountiful, by the Eternal Father who said:

> Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name—hear ye him (3 Nephi 11:7).

> (Jesus) . . . stretched forth his hand and spake unto the people, saying: Behold,

I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world (3 Nephi 11:9-10).

So as to make assurance of his divinity doubly sure, Jesus invited the group to thrust their hands into his side and to feel the print of the nails in his hands and feet. This the multitude did, after which they said with one accord, "Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God! And they did fall down at the feet of Jesus, and did worship him" (3 Nephi 11:17).

After calling his Twelve Disciples, Jesus instructed them concerning the ordinance of baptism. Then turning to the multitude, he gave them the Sermon on the Mount, which outlines the pattern of life to be followed by anyone who professes a belief in Christianity. It gives to us a means whereby we can bring peace and joy into our lives.

This account of the personal ministry of Christ among the Nephites is indeed "a new witness" that Jesus is the Savior of the world.

The titles and objectives for the lessons to be studied this year are:

Lesson 33. *Review—The Book of Mormon* (Book of Ether and 1 Nephi through the Book of Alma)

> Objective: To renew our understanding of the lives and teachings of The Book of Mormon prophets.

Lesson 34. *Political and Religious Disintegration* (Helaman, chapters 1-5:5)

> Objective: To show how unrighteous desires and acts bring political and religious disintegration, but the Lord is merciful and prospers those who repent.

Lesson 35. *Nephi, Son of Helaman* (Helaman, chapter 5:5 through chapter 12)

> Objective: To show that when we sacrifice and exercise faith in the Lord, he gives us power to accomplish great things.

Lesson 36. *Predictions Concerning the Coming of the Messiah* (Texts as cited in The Bible; Pearl of Great Price; The Book of Mormon)

> Objective: To show that the Israelites of the Western Hemisphere as well as those of the Eastern Hemisphere looked forward to the coming of Christ.

Lesson 37. *Samuel the Lamanite* (Helaman, chapters 13-16)

> Objective: To point out that signs of the Savior's birth and crucifixion were given to warn the people of impending destruction and call them to repentance.

Lesson 38. *Conditions Among the Nephites in the Days of Nephi the Disciple* (3 Nephi, chapters 1-5:8; chapters 6 and 7)

> Objective: To experience with Nephi the signs of the Savior's birth; to witness the partial fulfillment of early prophecy; and to have our faith in the power of the Priesthood increased.

Lesson 39. *Signs of the Crucifixion; the Voice of Jesus Christ Is Heard* (3 Nephi, chapters 8-10)

> Objective: To learn of the prophecies concerning the crucifixion and their fulfillment.

Lesson 40. *Christ Among the Nephites* (3 Nephi, chapters 11-14)

> Objective: To testify to the appearance to the Nephites of the resurrected Christ; and to comprehend Christ's teachings on baptism; the calling of the Twelve Disciples; and the Sermon on the Mount.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Preview of Lessons for 1955-56

Edith S. Elliott

THE messages for Relief Society visiting teaching for the 1955-56 period will again be "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth." The "gems" have been selected from the same section of The Book of Mormon covered by this year's theology lessons, which comprises the Book of Helaman and 3 Nephi, chapters 1 to 14 inclusive.

This division of scripture begins with the fortieth year of the reign of the judges over the people of Nephi, and continues to Christ's appearance and part of his ministry in the Western Hemisphere.

In these selected pages are recorded the advice, prophesies, commendations, admonishings, and warnings of such noble characters as Helaman, Samuel the Lamanite, and Nephi, the son of Helaman, to name but three. The crowning joy of this study section is the opportunity to become more familiar with the beginning of Christ's teaching of the gospel which is the only pattern for salvation. His sojourn with the people of the Americas proves his love for his brethren and his hope to lead all of them back into his Father's presence.

It is hoped by the general board that the short scriptural messages will find a welcome in the homes, and that the visiting teachers can present them in such a way that the members in their districts will use them to enrich their lives.

A good way to feel at ease with scriptural quotations is the memorization of them. Then, they can be recalled as needed during the discussion of the message.

If no one is at home when the call is made, it is suggested that the message objective and the scriptural reference for the month be written on the back of the "Notice of Visit" slip. This is a friendly way to let a sister know that you wish to share with her a gem of truth.

The messages and the objectives for the eight months follow:

Lesson 33. *"For, If Ye Forgive Men Their Trespasses Your Heavenly Father Will Also Forgive You"* (3 Nephi 13:14).

> Objective: To show that to obtain forgiveness from God entails our forgiving our fellow men.

Lesson 34. *"But Thou, When Thou Prayest, Enter Into Thy Closet, and When Thou Hast Shut Thy Door, Pray to Thy Father Who Is in Secret; and Thy Father, Who Seeth in Secret, Shall Reward Thee Openly"* (3 Nephi 13:6).

> Objective: To point out that we are admonished to pray in secret and we shall be rewarded openly.

Lesson 35. *"But When Thou Doest Alms Let Not Thy Left Hand Know What Thy Right Hand Doeth; That Thine Alms May Be in Secret;*

and Thy Father Who Seeth in Secret, Himself Shall Reward Thee Openly (3 Nephi 13:3-4).

Objective: To point out that alms should be given in secret and the Lord shall reward openly.

Lesson 36. *"Therefore, Blessed Are They Who Will Repent and Hearken Unto the Voice of the Lord Their God; For These Are They That Shall Be Saved"* (Helaman 12:23).

Objective: To point out that repentance and hearkening to the voice of the Lord bring salvation.

Lesson 37. *"Yea, We Can See That the Lord in His Great Infinite Goodness Doth Bless and Prosper Those Who Put Their Trust in Him"* (Helaman 12:1).

Objective: To show that trust in the Lord brings blessings.

Lesson 38. *"Therefore, Whoso Heareth These Sayings of Mine and Doeth Them, I Will Liken Him Unto a Wise Man, Who Built His House Upon a Rock—And the Rain Descended, and the Floods Came, and the Winds Blew, and Beat Upon That House; and It Fell Not, For It Was Founded Upon a Rock"* (3 Nephi 14:24-25).

Objective: To show the necessity of not only hearing the word of the Lord but in doing it also.

Lesson 39. *"But Behold, the Resurrection of Christ Redeemeth Mankind, Yea, Even All Mankind, and Bringeth Them Back Into the Presence of the Lord"* (Helaman 14:17).

Objective: To show that Christ broke the bonds of death and all men will be resurrected.

Lesson 40. *"For Behold, Ye Are Free; Ye Are Permitted to Act For Yourselves; For Behold, God Hath Given Unto You a Knowledge and He Hath Made You Free"* (Helaman 14:30).

Objective: To show that free agency is an eternal gift.

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Preview of Lessons for 1955-56

Rhea H. Gardner

THE person who plans the meals, cooks the food, directs food service, and presides at the table, has a lot to do with the health and happiness of family members. Her influence is effective not only while her children surround the family dinner table, but long after they go into homes of their own. Her habits and values become theirs "for better or for worse."

The main objective of this two-year course of study, therefore, is to make mealtime a time for pleasure; a time for the strengthening of family ties through the sharing of experiences; and a time for the formation of habits, associated with

food selection, service, and table etiquette, that will give to each family member peace of mind and health of body.

Because of the rush and hurry-scurry of many activities these days, each of us has need for periods of relaxation and quiet. Mealtime, well planned and directed, might well satisfy this need. Although young folks are said to be unacquainted with many of the important social graces which marked the well-bred dinner guest of just a generation or so ago, certainly the need for gracious manners is no less great today than it was formerly.

Along with the selection of the right kind of food for the intended purpose and use, principles of cookery will be emphasized in each of the lessons on food preparation. If these principles can be understood and put into practice, success in the use of recipes will be more frequent. Regardless of what recipe is being used, one can seldom go contrary to basic recommendations for the cooking of a particular food without paying the penalty in some way.

A few recipes are included with some of the lessons. You may wish to use others when you present the lessons. Be cautious in your selection. Foods served must be those the family can afford to buy, the cook has the time and energy to prepare, and those that will contribute toward the development of good eating habits.

An attractive meal is as easy to prepare and costs no more than an unattractive one. The preparation of such meals, however, requires some foresight. So simple a meal as stew with dumplings, a fruit salad, and a glass of milk may have plenty of appetite appeal, provided there are a few carrots and green peas or finely chopped parsley to lend color to the stew, and plenty of green lettuce and colorful fruit for the salad.

This course of study deals primarily with food preparation. Class leaders are advised against discussing the principles of nutrition except when necessary to teach a principle of cookery.

This group of lessons is particularly suited to the demonstration type of teaching. Make use of it. The effectiveness of teaching is multiplied many times when the telling of facts is accompanied by demonstration or "showing how."

Titles for the 1955-56 course of lessons are as follows:

1. Family Meal Service
2. Meal Planning
3. Poultry Selection and Preparation
4. Soups
5. Meat Selection and Preparation
6. Vegetable Cookery
7. Vegetable Cookery (Continued
8. Salads

When this two-year course of study is completed, it is hoped that each homemaker will see in her task of planning, preparing, and serving meals for her family countless new opportunities for making mealtime a happy time for all members of her family and herself.

Literature—Literature of England

Preview of Lessons for 1955-56

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

OUR current study course in the Literature of England began six years ago in 1949-1950. At the conclusion of the lessons outlined for 1955-1956, this program will come to an end. Our final lesson this year will be a summary of our seven years' work, an undertaking admittedly difficult, since so much must be covered in such a tiny span, but a gesture that has at least symbolic value for us all.

Since "The World is seen in terms of the seer," this year's subjects from one viewpoint should be more exciting than anything previously presented. All of us, in studying a group photograph, are first of all concerned to see how we look. In studying a strange photograph, it is reassuring to find therein people dressed as we dress, with similar hair styles, leaning on models of trade-name automobiles we are now driving, or can easily recall. Likewise, it is inevitable that, by the very fact we were "alive together," several of our authors will seem nearer us than an earlier generation can be. Thomas Hardy, for example, died in 1928, a date which most of us can give a place in our own memories and lives, while Kipling and Housman died in 1936, which for many of us is "only yesterday" until we realize that Kipling has been dead these long twenty years.

From another deeper, larger viewpoint, this current series of authors might also prove to be so near us and the all-too-familiar problems of our own complex world, that we know them and their frames of mind too well, and they us. Because their world is *almost* our world, these great writers must treat more of the problems which still lie unsolved at the present moment. Yes, in any age "great literature is great experience," and that which is great is never bound by limits of time or space. But a study of our own age poses so many difficult problems that we are not even attempting to study contemporary English literature. In a somewhat milder form, these problems will be found in our authors studied this year.

Perhaps the greatest reward or goal of studying literature is, that by pursuing such a study, we are enabled to stand outside our own subjective minds and evaluate ourselves individually and collectively as we can in no other way. But in our more modern writers, this objective distance between the reader and the familiar subject is lessened; hence self-evaluation is more difficult and, if done successfully, often more self-revealing.

Once realizing and identifying this "different" relation to our more recent writers, we should finally remind ourselves that the rebirth which is ours when we achieve new insight into life through literature, is just as rewarding now as it ever

was. It is just as true now as it was seven years ago that, ". . . Literature lives through creating and sharing a few intense experiences. Once you have caught some of the power, the beauty, the individuality of an author because you have been successful in enabling him to speak for himself with a part of his original force and freshness, you have accomplished something singularly worthwhile . . ." for you have recreated yourself, as well as those whom you influence, into a higher, larger person. Surely this is the very essence of the divine truth that "man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge."

Titles and objectives for our current year will appear as follows:

Lesson 49. *Robert Louis Stevenson, Personality and Poet* (1850-1894) (Text, pp. 874-881)

Objective: To understand Stevenson's life and mind, that we might more accurately relate his poetic writings to his personality.

Lesson 50. *Stevenson's Prose* (*Treasure Island*) (Text, pp. 934-951)

Objective: To gain a clearer understanding of the familiar term "strength of character" by studying some of Stevenson's prose and relating it to his life situation.

Lesson 51. *John Millington Synge* (*Riders to the Sea*) and the *Irish Theater* (1871-1909) (Text, pp. 1002-1009)

Objective: To understand better Synge's relation to Irish Nationalism, and to appreciate more fully his dramatic powers.

Lesson 52. *Kipling, the Poet of Empire* (1865-1936) (Text, pp. 896-909)

Objective: To taste the full flavor of Kipling's pungent diction by reading some of his poems and learning of his experiences which made them possible.

Lesson 53. *Rudyard Kipling, the Man Who Was* (*Jungle Books*) (Text, pp. 951-959)

Objective: To relate Kipling's prose to his life pattern.

Lesson 54. *A. E. Housman* (1859-1936); William Ernest Henley (1849-1903); and John Masefield (1874-); (Text, pp. 909-918); (Text, pp. 863-869); (Text, pp. 927-933)

Objective: To weigh and consider the personalities and poetry of three poets (Housman, Henley, Masefield) that we might better appreciate and understand ourselves and our world.

Lesson 55. *Thomas Hardy* (*The Return of the Native*) (1840-1928) (Text, pp. 918-826)

Objective: To achieve greater insight into the world of Thomas Hardy by studying briefly his life, some of his poems, and one of his great novels (*Return of the Native*).

Lesson 56. *Summary* (Texts, Volumes I and II, Woods, Watt, Anderson)

Objective: To remind and surprise ourselves at how much we have forgotten and remembered.

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Preview of Lessons for 1955-56

Elder Albert R. Bowen

FOR the third and concluding year the Constitution of the United States will be the prescribed course of study in the social science department of the Relief Society. Support for the decision which has been made regarding this as an appropriate social science study for one more year, may be found in the tremendous importance which this wonderful Charter of Freedom has played in our lives and the part which it will undoubtedly continue to exert in the lives of our children.

Politically speaking, the Constitution is without question the greatest document that was ever written. Its influence and scope go far beyond the shores of our great and wonderful Nation. Indeed, it may be said that the hope and future of all mankind will be determined by what happens to the United States and her free institutions. The United States is the bastion of the free world. This is not only true in a military sense, it is true also in an economic sense. It should and must be true in a moral and spiritual sense as well, if freedom in this world is to survive. What happens to the United States and her free institutions will determine the fate of men everywhere.

Under such circumstances is it not of the greatest urgency that we should be well informed concerning the meaning of the Constitution and what has been accomplished by this Nation under its protection? Also in view of the fact that constitutional principles are under such relentless attack by those who would destroy the Constitution and us as well, should we not sponsor a deeper and wider understanding and appreciation of the blessings of constitutional liberty?

With these thoughts in mind and for the purpose of completing the course of study which began two years ago, the lessons for this coming year are offered in the earnest hope that they will not only be of interest but also productive of worthwhile benefits and results.

Consideration has already been given to the background out of which the Constitution emerged and the basic and fundamental concepts which found such wonderful and inspiring expression within its provisions. We have also dealt with the Constitution as a document, familiarizing ourselves with its content and arrangement. We have also studied how its various articles and amendments operate to safeguard and protect individual liberty and freedom and guarantee justice to all of our citizens.

During the coming year we shall concern ourselves primarily with the Constitution in actual practice and endeavor to review the results of constitutional liberty. We shall al-

so touch upon the responsibilities and obligations of citizenship.

In the final analysis it is the fruit which is the product of an institution which determines whether that institution has justified its existence and the efforts which are expended in its creation and to make it function. In the case of the Constitution those efforts and sacrifices were great indeed. The hopes, prayers, efforts, and sacrifices of its founders have been gloriously vindicated. To us now belongs the responsibility for its continued and unimpaired success and existence.

A word of caution might be appropriate at this point. Remember that the Constitution belongs to all citizens of the United States. It knows no political party and is not concerned with partisan politics. It is earnestly recommended that partisan discussions be avoided at all times during the presentation of these lessons. No party or group has any monopoly on patriotism. In our loyalty, patriotism, devotion, and love for our country we are one.

May God continue to bless our country. May she and her people be devoted to righteousness and to the defense of human liberty and justice for all mankind.

The following is a list of the lessons and objectives for Part III of this study, The Constitution of the United States:

Lesson 15. *The Constitution Established*

> Objective: To emphasize the great importance of Washington's administration and how that administration laid the foundations upon which a successful constitutional Government was established.

Lesson 16. *The Living Constitution*

> Objective: To study the reasons and concepts contained within the Constitution which made a strong and stable National Government possible.

Lesson 17. *The Constitution and the Courts*

> Objective: To show how the courts of the United States under the great leadership of John Marshall established the principles of the Constitution.

Lesson 18. *The Organization and Powers of the Government of the United States*

> Objective: To show how the three departments of the Federal Government, though distinct in organization and power, are nevertheless integrated and function together to provide a workable Government under the Constitution.

Lesson 19. *Citizenship and Suffrage Under the Constitution*

> Objective: To point out the obligations of citizenship under the Constitution.

Lesson 20. *The Constitution and World Affairs*

> Objective: To show how the United States evolved and developed from weakness to strength under a policy inaugurated by Washington and to consider our country in relation to world affairs since World War I.

Lesson 21. *The Fruits of Freedom*

> Objective: To show that the growth and development of the United States were made possible and are the direct result of the institutions of freedom established by the Constitution.

Sacred Music For Three Part Ladies Choruses

..... Blow, Bugle, Blow—Neidlinger-Madsen ..... .18

..... God Shall Wipe Away All Tears—Roma ..... .16

..... Hold Thou My Hand—Briggs ..... .20

..... If Christ Came Back—O'Hara ..... .20

..... I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked—O'Hara ..... .22

..... Let the Mountains Shout For Joy—Stephens ..... .15

..... Lord's Prayer—Gates ..... .20

..... My Soul Is Athirst For God—Stickles .20

..... Out of the Depths—Todd ..... .20

..... Praise Ye the Father—Gounod..... .10

— Music Sent on Approval —

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
45-47 South Main
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed

Name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

Daynes Music Company
45-47 SOUTH MAIN Salt Lake City
145 NORTH UNIVERSITY, PROVO ♪ 2260 WASHINGTON BLVD., OGDEN

It Doesn't Matter

Josephine H. Beck

I always dreamed
Of a little girl,
With eyes of brown
To walk beside me,
When crunchy leaves
Came drifting down.

Your little fingers
Touch my cheek,
You look at me with eyes,
Blue as April skies.
Your father's eyes are blue,
Little one, I love you.

Reward

Ruth M. Jones

Each day will some sweet memory bring;
No day has ever failed me yet.
I find always some lovely thing
That I would not forget.
It may be just a patch of sky,
Or just a bright-winged bird.
Maybe the pressure of a hand
Or deep in someone's eyes,
A glow that really understands
As twilight slowly dies.
No day has ever failed me quite.
I treasure some new thing each night.

Nature Song

Jeanne Wilson

Nature's gown is emerald green
With tree and shrub and lawn,
But when the autumn heralds cold
She puts a brown one on.

Nature's eyes are rarest blue
Near filled with tears at times,
For they are bits of heavenly sky
Reflecting many climes.

Nature wears a golden crown
The sun of fiery gold;
The buttercups along the streams
Are yellow, bright, and bold.

Courageous Weaver

Gene Romolo

On outstretched palms
She holds a brilliant skein,
To weave a lovely pattern
On life's loom,
And though it be some year
May snarl her strands
She will not be deferred
By doubt or fear.
With an unwavering surety,
She will ply
Her shining shuttled thread
As time wings by,
Till, for all eyes to see,
Will be unveiled,
In full perfection . . .
Her life's tapestry.

Lamp of Faith

Erma Barney Braack

I took my little lamp of faith,
Flameless from doubt and care—
I took my little lamp and knelt
Before the altar of prayer.

I bowed my head and closed my eyes
And then I was aware
God's torch of love had lighted it
While I was kneeling there.

Night in the Mountains

Maude O. Cook

The twilight folds dark mantles
About the mountain glade,
And cadenced flow of waters
Is rippling from the shade.

A star is blinking blithely
Atop a giant tree,
As moonbeams steal in softly,
With magic witchery;
And soon their wands have wafted
Remembered things away;
They leave behind a dreamland,
That was not here by day.

WESTERN FARM LIFE

A Magazine With Over Fifty Years of Service to the Homemakers of the Entire Mountain West

3 Years $2

5 Years only $3

WESTERN FARM LIFE

Box 299 Denver 1, Colo.

It's awaiting You . . .

YES there is still a tremendous amount of outstanding instruction and use awaiting you in this and other copies of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Your editions may be handsomely bound at the West's finest bindery and printing plant for $2.50 cloth bound and $3.50 leather bound per volume plus postage for mail orders. Follow these postage rates if you send your order by mail:

Distance from Salt Lake City, Utah	*Rate*
Up to 150 miles	.35
150 to 300 miles	.39
300 to 600 miles	.45
600 to 1000 miles	.54
1000 to 1400 miles	.64
1400 to 1800 miles	.76
Over 1800 miles	.87

Leave them at our conveniently located uptown office.

Deseret News Press

31 Richards St. Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Phone 4-2581

LEADERSHIP WEEK

AT

Brigham Young University

PROVO, UTAH

June 20th - 24th, 1955

SIXTY educational and recreational courses

$1 registration fee

Special courses in theology, social science, literature, and work meeting for RELIEF SOCIETY Teachers and Officers.

For a detailed class schedule, write . . .

Lynn M. Hilton
B.Y.U. Extension Division
Provo, Utah

THE HISTORIC TRAIN

Will leave Salt Lake City
August 5th
and will include

The Pageant At The Hill Cumorah

We give the most for the least!

If you are interested in the European Tour, telephone or write regarding late registration made possible by cancellations.

VIDA FOX CLAWSON

966 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone 4-2017

Herbs for Modern Cookery—Basil

Elizabeth Williamson

BASIL (Ocimum basilicum) is a very tender annual plant, but well worth the care it requires. If it is started from seed in flats, it must not be transplanted until all danger of frost is past. It grows to two feet in height, and has dark green leaves and fragrant white flowers.

There are several varieties of basil, curly-leaf basil, purple basil, and the white-flowered basil type. After harvesting, do not allow the basil to dry in the sun, but place it in a muslin sack and hang it in the shade until it is thoroughly dry.

Basil thrives in warm climates. It probably originated in the Far East. The word *basil* is from the Greek *basilicum* meaning royal or king. The Italians call basil the herb of love. The Romans took basil with them in their conquests and planted it wherever they went. It was considered a holy herb in India. You will find it has a true oriental fragrance.

Basil has an affinity with tomatoes. Cut up finely, sprinkled on sliced tomatoes, tomato juice, tomato aspic, or tomato soup, it is delicious. It also improves the flavor of salads, cottage cheese, fish, and omelettes. And don't forget to add basil to your herb vinegars.

Books for Relief Society Courses 1955-56

1· The Book of Mormon

Library Edition, Cloth Binding
Regularly $2.00, Now $ .98

2· Your Rugged Constitution

BRUCE ALLYN FINDLAY and ESTHER BLAIR FINDLAY

You'll find great satisfaction and enjoyment as you read our Constitution. Interesting illustrations and clear explanations help you to reach a thorough understanding on the subject matter. This compact book, with its wealth of information, is only **$1.50**

3· The Literature of England

WOODS, WATT and ANDERSON

Volume I covers extensively the beginning of England's rich literature, which includes Chaucer, Pepys, the Elizabethan era, and down to the Romantic Poets. Volume II begins with such Romantic poets as William Blake, Robert Burns, Coleridge and Wordsworth, and continues on to contemporary authors.

Volumes I and II—**$5.50 each**
(plus 25c postage)

4· Treasure Island

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

This classic, read or reread, brings with it the warmth of youth, and the color of high sea adventures, as young Jim Hawkins and Long John Silver seek buried riches on Treasure Island.

Cloth Edition—**$1.50**
Paper Pocket Edition—$ .25

5· The Return of the Native

THOMAS HARDY

This compelling novel relates the loves and trials of colorful people who lived in the rustic Wessex countryside in the nineteenth century. Descriptions of England's bleak heath are probably the greatest ever written.

Paper Bound Edition—$ .75
Paper Pocket Edition—$ .35

Deseret Book Co.
44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City, Utah

DESERET BOOK COMPANY
44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah
Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find ( ) check ( ) money order

( ) charge to my account the following amount $.....
for the books listed below:

Name of book	Price
.....	.....
.....	.....

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Residents of Utah include 2% sales tax.
Add 12c postage for the first book; 8 cents for each additional book.

MRS NELL W COWLEY
1068 LAKE ST
CITY 5

PK-31-11-374

FEB 52

FOLLOW THE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS
AND YOU'LL TURN OUT

perfect U and I

STRAWBERRY JAM

You can't help being successful in your strawberry jam sessions if you use ripe but sound fruit, pure U and I Sugar, the correct amount of pectin, and follow the steps. The RESULTS, rewarding dividends in personal satisfaction, economical savings, and in the pleasure of good eating.

1 Wash, hull, and crush 2 qts. ripe strawberries, one layer at a time, using a kitchen masher to assure an even textured jam. Measure 4 cups crushed fruit into kettle. Measure 7 cups U & I FINE GRANULATED SUGAR into bowl and set aside.

2 Add 1 package powdered pectin to strawberries; mix well. Set over high heat; stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. Add U & I Sugar and boil hard 1 minute. Remove from heat. Stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to prevent floating fruit.

3 Ladle quickly into prepared glasses.

4 Cover at once with ⅛ inch hot paraffin. Yield: about ten 6-oz. glasses.

For all your canning, be sure to use PURE U AND I SUGAR, often referred to as "crystallized sunshine and water"